





ITALY AND AUSTRIA

A CONTRAST

THE UNIFICATION OF ITALY
THE MILITARY VIOLENCE OF AUSTRIA
AGAINST ITALY

By
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(MRS. GEORGE F. HARDING)



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DEDICATED

TO

The memory of those Italian soldiers and
sailors who went forth to fight the en-
emies of their country but who did not
return.

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PREFACE

THE writer makes no claim to originality in this booklet, wherever she has found facts suited to her purpose she has used them; she has, however, sought to avoid illustrating Sheridan's famous witicism in reply to a political opponent, when he said, "The honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his jests and his imagination for his facts." The account of the death of Anita Garibaldi, and the escape of "The hero of two worlds" to New York, is taken from the story as told by Luigi Carnovale in "Why Italy entered into the Great War."

The writer is well aware she has violated the canons of good taste in several instances, but we are living in an age when the barriers of convention are

swept away; that which a few years ago would have daunted us effectively, we now do without flinching. In publishing the paper on the unification of Italy written so long ago, but followed by historical facts of a later period, the writer has sought to avoid repetition, and that which still exists is more an amplification of the same subject than anything else. Should the reader, however, complain in spite of this explanation, the writer will fall back on Touchstone's excuse for and comment on the country wench Audrey in "As you Like It": "'T's an ill favored thing but mine own." When the essay on the "Unification of Italy" was written for The Fortnightly of Chicago, there was not a copy of Mazzini's complete works in any public library of this great city. The writer borrowed the volumes of Jane Addams and when she returned them she invited Miss Addams to hear her paper, which she did. Of course, it was expected that she would have some-

thing to say on a subject so close to her life work—but the title of the essay as given by *The Fortnightly* to the essayist was “Young Italy”—a veiled title—and not understood by many members of the Society. A member of the Club whose duty it was to look after the discussion following an essay, had invited Harriet Hosmer, the sculptress, an honorary member of “*The Fortnightly*,” who had lived in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Browning in Italy, to read from her collection of Browning poetry. Miss Hosmer read for half an hour the doggerel verse which these distinguished poets had amused themselves in writing to each other in the privacy of their home.

The author could write a severe criticism on this work were it not for her vital interest *not* to do so. If anyone thinks it an easy task to write on such varied and divergent subjects in a time when fundamental changes in governments are the rule and not the exception and make

the results of his writing cohere, let him try it. Whilst writing that part of the work relating to Austria the government surrendered unconditionally, broke up and went to pieces. But, as the present chaotic state in no way changes its past history it has been deemed best to publish it just as it was written.

The explanatory foot-notes have been added in the hope that the book might be read by some who have no access to a reference library.

The writer has no knowledge or experience in book-making; she has been intensely interested in the conduct of the war, with nine relatives engaged with the Allies across the Atlantic. Whilst rejoicing at the sight of the flags of France, England and the United States together, she has grieved at the absence of that of Italy and she resolved to attempt to do something herself for Italy. Tho the result is unworthy of the cause, faulty and incomplete, she publishes the

same at her own expense and gives the proceeds—should there be any—to the maimed or blinded soldiers and sailors of Italy.

She feels that her compatriots have done much for France and Belgium, but so little for Italy, and in looking for the causes she cannot but conclude that it is mainly the result of the Roman Catholic churches' attitude toward Italy; that part of her book has cost her much pain: she craves the forbearance of a charitable and indulgent public. She cannot make the world her confessor but she feels that justice and duty to some of her dearest friends in the Catholic church oblige her to say— There was a time in her life when that which she held dearer than life itself trembled in the balance; the situation was changed and the day for her was won by the acts of four young women, all of whom were Roman Catholics. To the church she gives all the credit. Should this page ever meet their eyes,

they will understand! Meanwhile her silent gratitude to them and their church extends out to that eternity which has neither beginning nor end.

PROLOGUE

BLAISE PASCAL, the French geometer, wrote that the first thing to put into a book is the last thing the author learned from writing it; hence this prologue, to record facts new and old; new to some but old to others. It may serve as a clue to guide the reader in understanding what the author has attempted to convey in her little book. She will begin by giving the statistical summary of our participation in the Great War.

Total armed forces including Army, Navy, Marine Corps, etc.		4,800,000
Total men in the Army		4,000,000
Men who went overseas		2,086,000
Men who fought in France.....		1,390,000
Greatest number sent in one month		306,000
Greatest number returning in one month..		333,000
Tons of Supplies shipped from America to France		7,500,000
Total registered in draft		24,234,021

Total draft inductions	2,810,296
Greatest number inducted in one month...	400,000
Graduates of Line Officers' Training Schools	80,468
Cost of war to April 30, 1919.....	\$21,850,000,000
Cost of Army to April 30, 1919.....	\$13,930,000,000
Battles fought by American troops.....	13
Months of American participation in the war	19
Days of Battle	200
Days of duration of Meuse-Argonne battle	47
Americans in Meuse-Argonne battle	1,200,000
American casualties in Meuse-Argonne battle	120,000
American battle deaths in war.....	50,000
American wounded in war	236,000
American deaths from disease.....	56,991
Total deaths in the Army.....	112,422

About 4,000,000 men served in the Army of the United States during the war from April 6, 1917, to November 11, 1918. The total number of men serving in the armed forces of the country, including the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the other services, amounted to 4,800,000. It was almost true that among each 100 American citizens 5 took up arms in defense of the country.

During the Civil War 2,400,000 men served in the northern armies or in the Navy. In that struggle 10 in each 100 inhabitants of the Northern States served as soldiers or sailors. The American effort in the war with Germany may be compared with that of the Northern States in the Civil War by noting that in the present war we raised twice as many men in actual numbers, but that in proportion to the population we raised only half as many.

It would be interesting and instructive to make comparisons between the numbers in the American armies during the recent war and those of France, Great Britain, Italy and Germany, but unfortunately this is most difficult to do fairly and truly. The reason for the difficulty lies in the diverse military policies of the nations, but, the discrimination against Italy in the treaty itself, and the acts of the reparation commission, demand notice. Italy, with one thirty-sec-

ond of the area of continental United States and one third of our population, sent 5,000,000 soldiers to bear arms under the Italian flag. The war has impoverished Italy to a greater degree than the other allied countries, because she lacked most of the raw material necessary for carrying on the war: she has no coal, little petroleum or iron, besides she has no great sources of wealth such as are possessed by other lands. She is over populated, and, notwithstanding the fertility of her soil and the industry of her people, she cannot produce enough to feed the multitude. We have shown in that part of the book entitled "The Unification of Italy," how, for a century Austria conscripted the Hungarians to hold the Italians in subjection making them the hereditary and implacable enemies of the Italian people; yet the controlling powers now wish to give Fiume, an Italian city, to Jugo-Slavia. Why is England silent on this subject? And

what moves our President Wilson to take such a firm stand in the matter? For several years the great Cunard steamship line has been established in Fiume. Italy is almost an island—her people are natural sailors, whilst Fiume in the hands of a new, undeveloped nation would give England little concern as rivals.

We have given an authoritative record, a statistical summary of American participation in the great war. No mention was made of any one beneficiary—yet Belgium sends her heroic primate, Cardinal Mercier, to thank the American people in person, for the aid they gave Belgium during the war. Contrast this with the fact that Italy sent General Joseph Garibaldi on a special mission to the United States, not to thank us for what we have done for her, but to implore justice—to beg the privilege of having what rightfully belongs to her. General Joseph Garibaldi is the grandson of the great Italian liberator. In

1914 he was fighting as an officer in the French army, but when Italy entered the war he resigned his commission and enlisted as a private in an Italian regiment and was gradually promoted to his present high rank.

Over four centuries have come and gone since the great Genoese navigator gave the New World to the Old. Nations are proverbially ungrateful, they sap and mine without acknowledgment or thanks. Italy led the way in the emancipation of human thought by the Renaissance, by the production of the world's masterpieces in art; her title to the honor of having established the first bank is unquestionable, but Venice and Genoa still dispute the claim to priority. The oldest bank in Europe is in Naples. What has America done in recognition of any obligation to Italy? What has the United States done? Through our president we have wrought Italy a most ignoble service! "Italy, threatened by in-

ternal fires, shaken by earthquakes, titanic but picturesque even in her calamities, has had more than her share of rich human experiences." The writer makes an appeal, an earnest supplication to the good public, not for herself but for the maimed or blinded soldiers and sailors of Italy.

CHAPTER I

THE UNIFICATION OF ITALY *

*"The happy must ever be humble
Ambition must wait for the years
Ere hoping to win the approval
Of a world that looks on through its tears."*

THE movement in Southern Europe which culminated in the unification of Italy and her enrollment as a nation among the great powers, forms a spectacle as interesting as it is unique: interesting, because no subject touches man

* "The Unification of Italy," comprising the first six chapters of this little book, was written for the Fortnightly of Chicago and read before that Association on the 10th of January, 1896; if the reader is inclined to think it was a breach of good taste to publish an essay written so long, ^{ago,} the seeming want of knowledge on that particular subject by the President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson, and his determination to enforce the terms of the treaty of Paris at the expense of Italy's claims to Fiume should be an excuse for and a vindication of the act.

more closely than the growth and development of liberty—"The choicest gift which heaven hath bestowed upon mankind"—and unique, first, because it was the triumph of principles over political intrigue and monarchical tradition; second, it was attained more by consent, than by conquest; thirdly, because in Italy, the literary controversy between the classicist and romantic schools, transformed itself into a political question. The romanticists, who sought emancipation from literary despotism, soon found themselves, in their efforts to maintain the struggle, hampered and restricted by the government. Their demand for the privilege of writing in the name of individual inspiration and freedom was capable of a double interpretation and might mean a demand for liberty of a broader and more universal application. It was so regarded by the Authorities, and the organs through which their discussions were circulated, "The Antologia

Firenze," "The Indicatore Genovese" and others, were suppressed.

Thus all were made to see, that, if the people who wrote were to be emancipated from the despotism which had its origin two thousand years before; if literature was to enter on a new development and nobly respond to the expanding needs of an awakening community, the people must be able to answer in the affirmative the question, Have we a country? For that is the question which asked itself. The succeeding generation answered it by inscribing a maledictory epitaph on the past, and singing the canticle of the future in no uncertain key. Their reward was often imprisonment and banishment, or worse, but, robbed of her birth-right of freedom, the genius of Italy put forth her claim to the birth-right of intellect and there was an awakening of patriotic sentiment and national feeling in the new literature as pronounced, as its absence in the past had been conspicuous.

Mazzini, in his manifesto to "Young Italy," wrote: "Great revolutions are the work rather of principles than of bayonets, and are achieved first in the moral, afterwards in the material sphere." In that phrase Mazzini struck the keynote to Italian regeneration. It will be the purpose of this paper to illustrate, as far as is practicable, the truth of his statement by calling attention to a few of the many causes, political, social and literary, which enabled Italy after a disunion of fourteen centuries, to compass so suddenly and unexpectedly the realization of her national identity.

The Napoleonic occupation of Italy, which, ending in 1814, had lasted eighteen years, gave to the people their first impulse in the direction of freedom and national organization. The Revolution having destroyed royal despotism and abolished class privileges in France, at once set itself about giving liberty to other peoples. The infant republic, in

order not to die in its cradle, must be surrounded and sustained by other republics. The Kings of Europe, by invading French territory and attempting to dictate to the people their form of government and the character of their rulers, in the early days of the revolution, had forced this alternative; and Napoleon, as yet but the agent of France, conquered Italy in the name of freedom. To her he went at *first* only as a deliverer. He swept away the unequal, iniquitous and oppressive laws they had inherited from feudal ages, substituting a code, the same for baron as for peasant. He equalized taxation and destroyed local jealousies. By chasing away the corrupt and alien dukes and princes, he reduced the governments from fifteen to three. Leading his army down on the plains of Austria and within sight of Vienna, he dictated to Francis II the famous treaty of Campo-Formio, by the terms of which Austria ceded to France, Flanders and

Savoy; allowed Lombardy and other states of Italy to be formed into a commonwealth upon the model of the new French Republic, to be known as the Cis-Alpine-Republic. Against these losses Austria received Venice, minus the Ionian Islands. This was in 1797. In a farewell address to the citizens of this new republic, Napoleon said: "We have given you liberty; take care to preserve it. Divided and bowed down for ages by tyranny you could not have conquered your freedom, but, in a few years, left to yourselves, no power on earth will be strong enough to wrest it from you. Till then, this great nation will protect you from your neighbors; its political system will be united to yours. An order from my government or an immediate danger to the Cis-Alpine-Republic, will alone bring me back among you." The fair promises, however, which his Tuscan blood had prompted him to make, of giving to the whole Italian family

some form of government comprising unity and freedom, he was never able to fulfill. Self-imposed obligations of extending the area of conquests necessitated vast armies, and Italy was compelled to furnish her quota of conscripts. Succumbing thus to a military despotism, she soon learned she had but exchanged masters.

Of the 30,000 soldiers Italy sent to aid in the conquest of Spain less than 9,000 returned to Italy; and of the 27,000 who reached the snows of Russia, only 1,000 saw again home and country. But the Italian soldiers, fighting side by side, gained renown with the famous victories of the Emperor; they gained also what was of more vital consequence, although it does not ornament to the same degree the pages of history. They gained a knowledge of themselves, their present and previous conditions. They learned to look upon each other as men of one country. What is so potent to unite men

in the bond of brotherly love as experiencing together terrible hardships, or sharing thrilling adventures? Witness the reunion of army veterans! Can he who has suffered shipwreck look with indifference on the fortunes of a former companion in misery? The Italians learned too, that "their ancient republics had successively fallen only because they had never been true to each other; because each of them had hoped to survive alone." That passionate but misdirected patriotism which had formerly been limited to city or duchy, broadened and deepened so as to comprise the whole Italian-speaking race. They were beginning to see that Italy could be one country, or no country, and they were filled with hatred of the French. Waterloo came; Napoleon fell. The destiny of Italy was manipulated at a congress in which Italy herself was not represented. The country was divided into ten separate, nominally independent govern-

ments, but all, not excepting the Papal dominion, with all its prestige of spiritual authority, virtually under a compact of unqualified vassalage to Austria. "By a strange combination of adversities, Italy had one and ten masters." She suffered all the evils of division and enjoyed none of the advantages of centralization of power. But of her 25,000,000 of inhabitants less than one-fifth could read. The obstacles in the way of national education were innumerable and almost insurmountable. Among them were the censorship proscribing all organs of public opinion; the insecurity of the Post Office; the harassing acts of an arbitrary, irresponsible, all-searching police; the active influence of a dark swarm of priests and Jesuits, exasperated by recent reverses and proceeding with all the animosity of men struggling for existence; about every third day a holiday and every twenty-third inhabitant a priest. In the universities, the chairs of political

economy and moral philosophy were abolished; no study was allowed in which there was the slightest allusion to the rights and duties of man. The flower of Italian youth had perished in foreign lands fighting the battles of their enemies. The total destitution of arms, ammunition, or leaders. A population aching from the recollection of recent calamities, in terror of the foreign armies quartered in their midst. With all this, ten capitals, ten courts with their respective rulers furnishing their subjects with enervating pleasures, thereby misleading the understanding, corrupting the senses of those whom they would enslave. In this pitiable condition Italy lay crushed, benumbed and almost helpless. Yet her patriots despaired not; they did the only thing left them to do; they enrolled themselves as members of secret societies and thereby perpetuated and extended the love of liberty and the desire for representative government. Within a few

years Italy, from Mt. Etna to the Alps, was tunneled and honey-combed by these unseen, yet powerful organizations. The "League Noir," formed soon after the Napoleonic conquest, so dreaded by the French, played no small part in expelling them from the country. Next came "The Carbonari," which had its origin in a few Neapolitan Republicans seeking refuge from the returning governments, in the Abruzzi mountains and in Calabria. They formed a brotherhood, naming it after the chief pursuits of those parts, the manufacture of charcoal. Their meetings they styled *venditi*, or sales. It is estimated that 700,000 men, comprising the most intelligent and patriotic of the citizens of the country, were members. Napoleon III, Charles Albert, Lord Byron and Mazzini were at some time Carbonari. The *Setti* of "The Carbonari" was followed by "Young Italy," founded by Giuseppi Mazzini in 1831. Its declared aim was revolution;

its means, essentially education; its organ, a journal published in Marseilles, called "La Giovane Italia" and disseminated throughout Italy by means of secret agents. It was the aim of "Young Italy" to liberate the country, leaving the form of government to be determined by a vote of the whole people. Mazzini himself was Republican. He wrote: "There are no monarchical elements in Italy. We have no powerful and respected aristocracy to take the intermediate place between the throne and the people. No dynasty of Italian princes with traditions of glory or of important services rendered to the State, commanding the affection of the people. All the Italian traditions are Republican. The introduction of monarchy into Italy was coeval with its decay and it consummated our ruin by its constant servility to the foreigner, and antagonism to unity." Ceresco says: "Mazzini did not succeed in making the majority of his country-

men Republicans, but he did more than any other man towards inspiring the whole country with the desire for unity." Herein lies his great work. "Without Mazzini," she writes, "when would the Italians have gotten beyond the fallacies of federal republics, leagues of princes, provincial autonomy, insular home rule and all the other dreams of independence?"

CHAPTER II

THE UNIFICATION OF ITALY

TO those who like to trace in individuals, the logical outcome of great social upheavals, Italy, during the first half of the 19th Century, furnishes a signal occasion. The action of certain social conditions on great minds and the action of those minds on the masses, changing their ideals and shaping their opinions, constitute much of what we recognize as humanity's advance in social culture. Of the many notable persons who, acting and acted upon, became famous in connection with the cause of popular freedom at this period, four names are inseparably associated as the makers of Modern Italy: Victor Emmanuel, Count Cavour, Garibaldi and Mazzini.

The works they accomplished, though not always done in harmony one with the

other, are facts irrevocably committed to history. Each seems to have been, by Providence, educated, trained and fitted for his one single work, and it is impossible now to conceive of the same happy results without that slow and often painful, but special discipline to which each and all were subjected in their widely different spheres. It is no disparagement of the King, the statesman, or the hero, to say that in lofty and sustained elevation of character, in simple piety, in love, embracing all mankind, Mazzini leads them all. His career presents the strange spectacle of a revolutionary leader, who is before all a religious and ethical teacher; his was the task of educating the people to a true perception of the indirect benefits surrounding all kinds of self-government. "It was by the diffusion of ideas," Ceseresco says, "that Young Italy became a commanding factor in the events of the next thirty years." Mazzini has given us some of

the sources of his inspiration. Walking one day in the streets of Genoa, his native city, with his mother and Senor Gambini, a friend, it was just after the suppression of the Piedmontese insurrection in 1821; the city was thronged with revolutionists seeking safety by sea and wanting means to escape to Spain, where the revolution was yet triumphant. Most of them were crowded upon the wharf, but not a few had penetrated into the city. "Suddenly," said he, "we were stopped by a tall black-bearded man, with a severe and energetic countenance and a fiery glance I have never forgotten. He held out a white handkerchief to us merely saying, 'For the refugees of Italy.' My mother and friend dropped some money into the handkerchief and he turned from us to put the same question to others. "The idea of an existing wrong in my own country against which it was my duty to struggle, and the thought that I too must bear my part in that struggle,

flashed before my mind on that day for the first time never again to leave me. The remembrance of those refugees, many of whom became my friends in after life, pursued me wherever I went by day and mingled with my dreams by night. I used to seek them out among our own people and could generally tell them by some peculiarity of dress, their warlike appearance, or more frequently by the signs of a deep and silent sorrow on their faces." This simple incident determined him to renounce the career of literature, for which he was eminently fitted, for that of political action. He became a Carbonaro in 1827. In '31 he was betrayed into the hands of the police, imprisoned in the fortress of Savona and five months later exiled from his native city. It was during these months of imprisonment that he conceived the plan of the Association "La Giovane Italia." In a little cell at the top of the fortress, from which he could see nothing but the sea

and sky—"two symbols of the eternal," as he said, "and, except the Alps, the sublimest things in Nature." From Savona he went to Marseilles which had become the refuge of about two thousand Italian exiles. Here he wrote his famous letter to Charles Albert on his accession to the Sardinian throne. In that letter he points out the possibility of uniting all Italy in one grand struggle for Italian independence. Begs the King to speak the word which shall make Italy free. Mazzini endeavors to rouse him to noble ambition by reminding him that "there is a crown brighter and nobler than that of Piedmont—a crown that only awaits a man bold enough to conceive the idea of wearing it; resolute and determined enough to consecrate himself wholly to the realization of that idea, and virtuous enough not to dim its splendor with ignoble tyranny." Moreover, if the King do not put himself at the head of the struggle for Italian independence, he

may retard, but cannot prevent the fulfillment of the destiny of the Italian people as ordained by God himself: "If you do not do this, others will; they will do it without you, against you. Whatsoever that answer be, rest assured that posterity will either hail your name as that of the greatest of men, or the last of Italian tyrants." The immediate effect of this letter, was an order for Mazzini's arrest should he attempt to cross the frontier.—Seventeen years later Charles Albert granted his subjects a Parliamentary Constitution.—Mariotti says that: "Mazzini's letter to Charles Albert was a flash of divine eloquence, such as never before shone over Italy." His companions in misfortune gathered in adoration and bent before his powerful genius. "He was in the prime of youth, with beauty of the first order; a frank and manly, yet winning and persuasive address gave him an easy victory over men's minds through their hearts." He

did not fail to make the best use of this well deserved popularity; before a year had passed he became the heart and soul of the Italian movement. He was the ruler of a State of his own creation. The King of "Young Italy." There were several insurrectional attempts made by or under the guidance of "Young Italy," none of them successful; nor was it likely they should succeed; planned by exiles at a distance, except zeal, they lacked all the elements of success. Each insurrectionary attempt was followed by many executions and countless sentences to long terms of imprisonment, but amidst the depression which succeeded these failures, Mazzini rose supreme in hope. He had abiding faith in the people; in the true instincts of the Italian heart, mute at that time but revealed to him by history and his own previsions of the future. Then remembering Rome, the alma mater of Christendom, how, to her alone had it been given twice to guide and di-

rect the world, he asked: "Why should not a new Rome, the Rome of the Italian people, arise to create a third and still vaster unity; to link together heaven and earth, right and duty, and make known to men their mission here below?" then, when the affairs of Italy, directed by immoral materialists, seemed to condemn his hopes,—when the day of redemption seemed more remote than ever he said: "But what is death to other lands is only sleep to ours." It might be instructive to continue this great man's life through his thirty-seven years of exile in London; it would be profitable to consider his philanthropic work; his writings, so far in advance of his time, that the world has not yet caught up with them, but we can do no more than mention the mighty intellectual forces he set in motion previous to 1835.

CHAPTER III

THE UNIFICATION OF ITALY

THE Italian people were unanimous in the desire for independence, but there were three separate plans for gaining the coveted blessing, hence three political parties. The Republican, of which Mazzini was the soul; a second which looked upon the Supreme Pontif as the natural head of the Italian Union; a third, the Constitutional Monarchists, represented by Count Camillo Cavour, which desired to unite the rest of Italy to Sardinia with Victor Emmanuel for their King. All parties looked to Rome as their eventual capital. Pio Nono, in the beginning of his pontificate, 1846, showed decided interest in and sympathy for the cause of Italian Unity, but "the illusion of a Constitutional Pope ended in his flight to Gaeta and the dissolution of the

temporal power, regarded by many now as the most momentous event of the 19th Century." Ceseresco says that, "Pope Pius IX was, only in a limited degree, responsible for his want of success, because the task he had set before himself, was the quadrature of the circle in politics." The Moderate Party, as the Constitutional Monarchists were called, was destined to succeed. Under the far-seeing statesmanship of Cavour, aided by the intrepid hero Garibaldi and encouraged by "il re galantuomo," * Victor Emmanuel, little Piedmont was enabled to gather together the whole Italian race, excepting Venice and the Papal states, and to

* Victor Emmanuel said one day to his Minister d'Azelio, that of all professions, that of King was the last he would have chosen. D'Azelio replied, "But there have been so few honest Kings, what a grand thing it would be to head the list as Re Galantuomo!—(honest King). The words struck Victor Emmanuel's fancy and soon thereafter when the Census-Register was brought for him to sign—under the head Profession—he wrote "Re Galantuomo." Thus he gave himself the title by which he will always be remembered.

rise from an insignificant state of little importance, to a respectable position among the Great Powers.

Victor Emmanuel, although at first not popular, possessed the very qualities essential to satisfy the needs and excite the admiration of his future subjects. He had courage,—a quality which is the envy of the timid as well as the brave. Victims for centuries of the perfidy and mendacity of their rulers, what attribute could serve a people so well as simple, old-fashioned honesty? Victor Emmanuel bristled with it! Pride is the reigning characteristic of the Italian race, whether Prince or peasant, from North or South. Victor Emmanuel could match them in their specialty. Had he been directly descended from Jupiter, he could not have been prouder than he was of being a Sabaude. And who were these Sabaude who thought so much of themselves? There's a tiny country of half a million people, lying just South of

Geneva and Mount Blanc, in the 4th Century called Sabaudia and now Savoy, as poor in this world's goods, as rich in great men. We could give a score of distinguished names, familiar to you all, from the Popes Nicholas II and Innocent V to the brothers de Maistre, the younger of whom, Xavier, wrote that exquisite prose poem "Voyage autour de ma Chombre" and "La Prisonier du Caucase." From the earliest accounts these Sabauds were famous for courage, love of country, and honesty. Poverty compels them to go out to service in more prosperous lands. To satisfy the longings of the heart, keep alive the home feeling and sing together the ballads of their native vales, they go out in companies, and generally return. A Savoyard needs no certificate of character. But these are not the characteristics of a Southern race. The Sabauds are of Northern origin. Add to these virtues the fact that Victor Emmanuel traces his

blood back through nine centuries of brave rulers, "and not a tyrant among them." If one could not be one's own self, who would "not be a Sabaud"? Victor Emmanuel had one fault which would have marred his character greatly among English speaking peoples but to the Italians, so long corrupted by evil influences, it may have served as a tie; something to link him to his subjects and reconcile them to his sterling virtues. Godkin says: "Few rulers understood as well as Victor Emmanuel the business of being a King;" 'tis equally true that few Kings have found a Cavour ready made at hand. Ten years the King's senior, Cavour had looked forward to the time when he would be the Minister of Italy. His life's work had been a preparation for that office, and he had spent much time in London studying the sources of England's greatness. In 1854 war broke out between the Western Powers and Russia. A treaty of

alliance was made between England, France and Sardinia, by which the latter agreed to send 25,000 soldiers to the Crimea. This treaty was a master-stroke of policy! By the courage, the discipline of that little band of Italian soldiers, a reputation was established for soldierlike qualities not inferior to the best armies of Europe. The defeat of Novara was wiped out. There was a nucleus now for an Italian army. The people were encouraged. That treaty of alliance made Italy. Henceforward, she must be recognized as a Nation. Cavour represented Sardinia at the next peace congress, and for the first time in a European Council, the voice of Italy was heard in her own justification and defense. The relations between France and Sardinia were now very friendly. Victor Emmanuel gave his daughter, Clotilde, in marriage to Prince Napoleon, cousin of Napoleon III and out of the Plombiere interviews in the Vosges Mountains grew that alli-

ance with France which resulted in driving the Austrians from Northern Italy, except from Venice. Napoleon failed to carry out the whole of his promise to "free Italy from the Alps to Mt. Aetna," and when the little account was settled Italy was constrained to cede to France, Nice and Savoy. This was a bitter revelation to the Italian people and particularly to Garibaldi, who was born in Nice. He forgave Cavour, but could never forget it. To Victor Emmanuel it was also a sacrifice for Savoy "was the cradle of his race and the grave of his fathers." Count Cavour lived to see Victor Emmanuel proclaimed King of Italy, thanks to the sword of Garibaldi. Southern Italy with its 9,000,000 people had been annexed to the Kingdom of the North. Nothing was left out in the cold, but Venice and the Papal States. Cavour was a true Catholic such—as Mazzini—opposed to the temporal power. His life was no doubt shortened by the harassing

anxieties he had undergone in his efforts to unite Italy and separate church and state. Almost his last words, uttered in delirium, were, "Frate, Frate, libera chiesa in libero stato." (Brother, Brother, a free church in a free state.) It was left to a later Ministry to take advantage of war between Austria and Prussia, make a treaty with the latter and gain Venice.

CHAPTER IV

THE UNIFICATION OF ITALY

WE come now to the strange eventful history of Garibaldi, the actual facts of whose life seem more improbable than the wildest fiction. Designed for the priesthood, he took to the sea. Loving Italy, he joined the Piedmontese navy as a common sailor, to make converts to "Young Italy" among the Marines. Sentenced to death for this act, he escaped to South America. Soldier of fortune there, he never sought to enrich himself, except in knowledge of warfare, which he meant to turn to account in liberating his country. With one eye ever on Italy, he returned at the right moment. After an absence of twelve years, he came back the famous hero of "Montevideo." * The

* If Garibaldi entered Montevideo in the humble calling of a cattle drover, he left after having led the Uru-

revolution of '48 was on. He offered his services to the Pope, then to Charles Albert. They were rejected. Hearing there was a revolution in Rome, he went there. A republic was proclaimed as glorious as it was short-lived. "No government ever came into power in a more strictly legal manner," but ten votes against it. Cardinal Antonelli, in the name of the Pope, demanded the armed intervention of France, Austria, Spain and Naples. Pius IX was the 26th Pontif who called in the aid of a foreigner. In Rome, Garibaldi was again associated with Mazzini, whom he always called "Master."

We must leave the fall of Rome, more glorious than any victory, for the mention of that feat of arms in the Sicilies, which gave to Sardinia's King 9,000,000 subjects. One hesitates to set down in

guayans in throwing off the Spanish yoke. It was there too, in that little South American Republic that he wooed and won his faithful Anita.

black and white at the close of the 19th Century, accounts that rival in romance the deeds of the Cid-Cam'peado're, but the events are now history. Garibaldi raised a company of one thousand men; they were all picked men; "few and good" said the Chief.* With this handful he conquered The Two Sicilies against its army of 120,000 men, and handed the government over to Victor Emmanuel. Jessie White Mario has written the life of Garibaldi. She certainly earned the privilege, for she was the Florence Nightingale to his wounded in many a campaign. An Italian historian has feared that the Neapolitans gained their freedom too easily to know how to prize it. He forgot, for the moment, that the subjects of Ferdinand II had paid the price of liberty an hundredfold in his dungeons alone; in the Maschio, twenty-

* Except 30,000 lire sent Garibaldi by Mazzini to transport his 1,000 men from Genoa to Southern Italy—they received no pecuniary aid.

four feet below the level of the sea. The thousands of historical glorious martyrs who gave their lives that Italy might live, who can enumerate? the unchronicled inglorious ones, who will remember? Yet no drop of blood is wasted, since blood redeemed the world! No one would counsel martyrdom, though we all revere it. Yet man is in duty bound to live or die for the faith that is in him, and there often comes a time when to die is the only way to prove that faith; then, and then only is martyrdom a holy sacrament: "The outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace." Was it not thus with the Martyrs of Cosenza? Who dares to sit in judgment on the conscience of the brothers, Bandiera? Arms was their profession. They were Venetians and noble, sons of Baron Bandiera, rear admiral of the Austrian navy, and from earliest childhood had worshipped the idea of Italian unity. Against the advice of Mazzini, in spite of entreaties of wife

and mother, in spite of offers of pardon from Rannieri, viceroy of Lombardy, Venice, if they would return to their allegiance, they sacrificed their lives in the vain attempt to lead an insurrection near Naples. These men were betrayed by a man named Boccachiampi, who joined them at Corfu and sailed with them to Calabria. When near the place where they expected to find the insurgents they were to lead, they missed Boccachiampi from their number and when they arrived at the place, he was there before them; but, it was an ambush. They were surrounded by Neapolitan troops and those who did not die fighting were afterwards shot—twenty of them. Boccachiampi was condemned to a short nominal imprisonment, and when released he wrote to a Greek girl of Corfu, to whom he was betrothed, to meet him in Naples, that they might be married. The girl had been deeply in love with him and had already given him a part of her

dowry, but she answered "A traitor cannot wed a Greek maiden. I bear with me the blessing of my parents. On you rests the curse of God."

The martyrdom of the Bandieras made a great impression wherever the Italian language was spoken and especially in England, where the facts came to light that their correspondence with Mazzini had been tampered with in the English Post Office and that information as to their plans had reached the Austrian and Neapolitan Governments through the British Foreign Office. The letters of the elder brother, Attilio, to Mazzini, which we have read, express nothing but the highest conceptions of right and duty. This martyrdom at Cosenza took place in '44. Seven years later William E. Gladstone went to Naples for the health of a little daughter. While there, he was led to make a personal examination into the condition and treatment of political prisoners,—victims of the revolution of

two years before and victims of the perfidy of their sovereign. When he had possessed himself of the facts, he disclosed the same in two letters to Lord Aberdeen. The conditions of those 20,000 political prisoners is too revolting for disclosure and we pass it by; although the recital would enable you to understand better the innumerable voluntary sacrifices of life which become so common in Southern Italy.

When the Gladstone letters were discussed in Parliament, Lord Palmerston, after commending Mr. Gladstone in the highest terms for the course he had pursued in Naples, announced that he had had copies of these letters sent to every English Ambassador in Europe with the injunction, that, in the interest of humanity, they should bring them under the notice of the courts to which they were severally accredited. These letters aroused the sympathy and indignation of Christendom, and did much to smooth

the way for what Garibaldi, Cavour, Napoleon III and Bismarck effected later, although there was no perceptible change in the conduct of the Neapolitan Government. Several years later in '57 over three hundred young men led by Carlo Pisacane, son of a Neapolitan Duke, landed at Sapri, in the Province of Salerno. Pisacane was an extremist in politics and was one of the few who would as soon live under the dominion of Austria as that of Savoy. "For me," he wrote, "it will be victory even though I die on the scaffold. I have only my affections and my life to give, and I give them without hesitation." Three hundred were cut in pieces by the royal troops. Baron Nicotera was taken alive and was imprisoned till freed by Garibaldi three years later. The Sicilian poet, Luige Mercantini, has commemorated the event of the three hundred by a very beautiful ballad entitled "The Gleaners of Sapri."

CHAPTER V

THE UNIFICATION OF ITALY

THE part which literature played in the liberation of Italy is quite beyond computation; but poetry and fiction were certainly among the greatest factors. The Italian people, passionate, imaginative and singularly romantic, when once their hearts were stirred, knew how to sway others, and patriotism became something more than sentiment; it became religion, a divine transport, a fever in the bones, and spread like a prairie fire. It wrapped in its embrace every sect and school, classic or romantic. Men wrote and women read—a rare thing in Italy. The whole Peninsula was submerged as it were, by an emotional wave, which has no parallel in modern times and recalls the strange phenomena of the Mediaeval revivals. Yet long before this, when the

French revolution was still in the future, Italian literature began to throw off the servile spirit of dependence which centuries of degradation had induced, and talent manifested itself in behalf of a more manly and moral conception of individual and social life. Goldoni redeemed comedy from the slavery of imitation and the reproach of absurdity. He possessed great originality and inexhaustible humor, and furnished the Italian stage with one hundred and twenty most amusing comedies and gave to the world his own autobiography, the greatest comedy of all. In his "Caviliere e la Dama" he mildly portrays, without hint of reproach, cicisbeism, that fashionable demoralization which flourished in Italy for fifty years previous to the French conquest. This mild form of insanity got its cure, however, from the pen of Abbe Parini who initiated a return to reality by describing with delicate irony this peculiar combination of vice and

folly, in his one great poem "A Day in Town" which he was over forty years in composing. In it he minutely and graphically depicts the daily life of his hero, a carpet knight, a Lombard nobleman—a cavaliere. At the end he draws a contrast between the cavaliere and his illustrious ancestors. Of course the satire is sustained and the ancestors suffer by comparison. Many writers think this work led the way to the flood of patriotic literature which followed.

Alfieri, whose career closed in 1803, was born of an ancient noble Piedmontese family, and possessed more pride and arrogance than usually falls to the lot even of Kings. After a dissolute youth spent in search of adventure and having, as yet, manifested neither talent, taste nor ability, he suddenly transformed himself into a great tragic poet. His inspiration was the Countess of Albany, wife of the last of the Stewarts; a woman as distinguished for intellect as for rank. Hatred of

Kings and contempt for poetry were, with him, congenital, and he seems to have taken delight in nursing these twin hatreds till he was past twenty-five, when, suddenly, to please his lady-love, he wrote in the incredibly short time of seven years, fourteen tragedies—some of them of great power—A treatise on tyranny (prose) and “The Prince & Letters” (prose), which made him take rank, as a prose writer, with Machiavelli. In the latter work he showed himself an ardent Republican. Alfieri introduced into Italy an entire new style of composition, substituting a vigorous, compact dialogue, a masculine concise style, for the smooth and effeminate manner of his predecessors. He dispensed with all superfluous characters—some of his plays having but five or six *dramatis personae*. Ristori * played his “Mirra” here in Chi-

* When the Italian actress, Adelaide Ristori, was in Chicago, the Fortnightly gave a breakfast to the great tragedienne. At that time the only members of the

cago and Salvini his "Merope" and "Saul."

Giudici says that with Alfieri, as with the Greeks, art arose spontaneously. When he felt irresistibly moved to write tragedy, he was ignorant of the Greek language and probably did not know the names of the Greek dramatists, so, "he created his ideals by pure instinctive force of genius." Giudici says too, that "Greek tragedy touched the same height in Alfieri's 'Saul' as it did in the Prometheus of Aeschylus—two dramas which are, perhaps, the most gigantic creations of any literature." The situations which

society who spoke both French and Italian were the President, Kate Newell Doggett and Mary L. Matz (Mrs. Otto Matz), so Mme. Ristori was seated at the right of the President and next to her Mrs. Mary Matz. At the end of the repast Mme. Ristori very graciously gave the ladies a short recitation.

On another occasion the society entertained the great Tomaso Salvini, but not at a breakfast. He told the ladies his sixteen year old daughter had never seen her father act. It was not considered proper for a young woman of her immature years to attend a theater.

Alfieri has chosen to portray in his tragedies, have a visible relation to the social state. It is always resistance to oppression, man against man, people against tyrant. He not only had contempt for Kings, but scorned even those who liked them. And Metastassio, by his subservience to the Kings and Queens of Austria, earned his everlasting disdain.*

MONTI

But of all the songsters who warbled notes of "linked sweetness, long drawn out," Vincenzo Monti was the rarest bird; so rare, that of such there could never be a flock. It matters not where he was born so that he was. He early gave promise of becoming a successful rival of that extraordinary genius, Alfieri. His tragedy of "Aristodemo" was received with great enthusiasm and still

* In the Minoriten Kirche of Vienna, the writer saw a very beautiful marble monument in commemoration of the poet Metastassio.

excites surprise and delight, in the minds of those who read it, as a production of great power and finish, for the work of so young a man. When a Republic was established in Italy Monti's works proclaimed him an ardent Republican. But Napoleon decided that a stern military rule was best for Italy, and, with that consummate knowledge of human nature, which characterized all his dealings with men, he chose Monti for one of his apostles. He decorated him (as he did later Goethe) with the "Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor." Made him assessor of the Ministry of the Interior, Historiographer of the Kingdom, "Knight of the Iron Crown" and Court Poet, and Monti glorified in song the "Imperial Hero." On the downfall of Napoleon his blushing honors vanished, like mist before a gale. His fall however, was not like Lucifer's never to rise again; he picked himself up and set his muse to magnifying the splendors of the House

of Hapsburg. In his later writings Monti did not fulfil the promises of his youth. Whether his Pegasus balked from being spurred in such contrary directions, or whether his inspirations were dissipated in mere recantations, are questions for the critics, whose hands are too full now in trying to determine what he might have been as well as what he was. Although Monti in his specialty had no peer, his very versatility ruined him. He lost the esteem of his contemporaries and was classed with the despised few who knew how to shout for freedom, but could not suffer for it.

UGO FOSCOLO

To Ugo Foscolo, Mazzini awards the honor of being the first, in word and deed, to restore literature to its true patriotic mission in the person of the writer. When Napoleon gave Venice to Austria at Campo Formio, Foscolo was twenty-four years of age and living in Venice.

He was immensely popular, having just produced a successful tragedy. By that cruel stroke of destiny which made him a foreigner in his native land, his whole life was embittered. He went to Milan, then a part of the Cis-Alpine Republic, and became a soldier. Published in 1802 "The Last Letters of Jacopo Ortis"—a novel after the manner of Goethe's "Werther," full of patriotism, suffering and suicide. If it was not an epoch making book, in the sense that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was, it produced a powerful effect, especially upon the young. In 1807 he published "I Sepolcri" (The Tombs) which Giudici, the great Sicilian critic, pronounced the sublimest lyrical composition modern literature has produced. In 1809 he was given the Professorship of eloquence in the University of Pavia, but declining to do homage to Napoleon, in his inaugural address, the chair was abolished. Mazzini

says that Foscolo was the first to reveal Dante as the "Father of the Italian Nation, as the inspired poet, who availed himself of art for the civil regeneration of that people, speaking the language which he dedicated to supreme song."

Foscolo went to London where he supported himself by teaching and lecturing on Italian Literature. Those essays written in London, the Italians count as among their best critical works. Foscolo died there in want, ten years later. He said, "Poverty would make even Homer abject in London." The world has not changed and London is not unlike other great towns — "Seven Grecian cities claimed a Homer dead, in which the living Homer begged for bread." The poet Shelley must have had Foscolo in his mind when he wrote, just before his death by drowning in the Gulf of Spezzia (1818), that little poem entitled "Julian and Maddolo," wherein he puts into the

mouth of Maddolo, a Venetian nobleman, those lines so often quoted:

"Most wretched-men are cradled into poetry by wrong—
They learn in suffering what they teach in song."

Foscolo's "Letters of Jacopo Ortis" surpass all his other works in eloquence of language and grandeur of sentiment, probably because they were written with his heart's blood. He suffered, hence he knew how to make others feel. Like a true Italian, he was fatally in love with his own country; they dread banishment more than a death sentence and seem to suffer more from exile than other peoples; it has been so with all from Dante to Mazzini; it was so in the days of Imperial Rome, when her exiles sought a home in the Libyan Desert.

Literature in Italy passed through the same stages of development as in other lands, changing from classic to romantic, realistic or scientific. Alfieri and Foscolo, the poets militant, represent the

period of free thought and free breathing which came in from the North with Napoleon. The restoration brought the school of resignation whose best exponents were Manzoni, Grossi, Silvio Pellico and d'Azelio. Manzoni in his youth had sojourned in Paris, where he substituted the study of Goethe and Schiller, for that of Alfieri and Monti; whilst there he became intimate with Garat, Fauriel and Volney. Of course, he was a skeptic; but adversity is often a radical cure for skepticism. He became a devout and austere Catholic. In 1820 he boldly defied the unities of time and place in a tragedy "The Count of Carmagnola," eight years before Victor Hugo startled the critics of Paris by a similar effort with his "Cromwell." Both Manzoni's tragedies, "The Count" and "The Adelchi" deal with patriotic subjects, but the occurrences are in remote epochs. The author teaches an enlightened patriotism based on the principle

that "Man was made to mourn" and must suffer patiently to the end. In the next world his wrongs will be righted. In the Chorus of "Carmagnola," he says:

"To the vanquished alone comes harm never
To tears turns the wrongdoers joy!
Though he 'scape through the years' long progression
Yet the vengeance eternal o'ertaketh
Him surely; it waiteth and waketh:
It seizes him at the last sigh!"

Manzoni's master-piece, however, was "I Promessi Sposi," a novel giving a true picture of Italian society in the XVIIth Century. Immediately after its publication he renounced forever profane literature and lived in retirement. As a writer, Manzoni exercised less influence over the people of his time than over the language itself, to which he lent great variety, flexibility and elegance. In 1860 he was persuaded to become a senator by the King of Italy and eight years later, when past eighty-four, he was invited to co-operate with the distinguished jour-

nalist Ruggiero Bonghi to devise means to effect the unity of the Italian language—taking the Florentine dialect as the basis. He was in his 90th year when he died.

Leopadi of Ricanatti was the poet of despair, about whom Gladstone and others have written much in praise. He was a neglected child, self taught. He mastered all the modern languages and the ancient. Niebuhr found him in Rome—a youth of twenty-two—the greatest Greek scholar in Italy. His poverty was abject. (Chevalier Bunsen tried to obtain an appointment for him from the Pope.) At eighteen he wrote two lyrics unsurpassed in the language since Petrarch. He remained a classicist in his forms, but outspoken in his demands for liberty. We have read his odes; they are inconceivably beautiful. The writer has never been so touched by anything except music—a dirge perhaps. It was like the wailing of a lost soul and left one's spirit,

for a space of time, steeped in sadness. In one of these, "A Marriage Ode to his Sister," he wrote: "Thy sons must be either miserable or base. Choose that they be miserable." He died young and was several years bringing about that event by over-work. Toward the close of his life, he found the greatest of all blessings, after health—a friend in need. Count Ranieri took him to his home near Naples and was a brother, mother and Boswell to him, all in one. Even these favors do not seem to have warmed his heart to any expression of gratitude. Just before the pen dropped from his hand he wrote a canto ridiculing the doctrine of a future state or any responsibility connected therewith. Kingdom-Come must have been a surprise to him, for it cannot have failed to give him more than he asked of it. Limitations prevent the mention of a dozen poets and writers deserving notice—but we close

with Silvio Pelico whose work "Le Mie Prigioni" had so large an influence in effecting the deliverance of Italy from Austrian rule.

CHAPTER VI

THE UNIFICATION OF ITALY

THE committee of the Fortnightly of Chicago that solicited the writing of this essay, knowing the author had seen Italy in transition from vassalage to a moderate degree of representative government, requested the writer to emphasize her own personal experiences. This was done, though the one cause without which she might never have seen Italy and certainly would not at that interesting period, was never mentioned.

Following the election of Abraham Lincoln to the United States presidency in November, 1860, the husband of the writer, having an iron constitution, had breasted for several months the fierce storms of Civil War and the supreme peril of a divided country; then his eyes became so inflamed he could not use them.

He, with his family, sailed for Europe August 15, 1861. He went to Berlin and placed himself under the care of the famous oculist Von Graefe.

He was a graduate of Knox College of Galesburg, Illinois, of the University of Harvard and also of the Harvard Law School. He had a good knowledge of the German language and literature. Chafing under the restrictions of clinic life and the necessity of sitting in a dark room one day out of every ten, he insisted on studying the Italian language. A class was formed and the services secured of Fabio Fabbrucci, the distinguished head of the Italian Department in the University of Berlin. Every member of the class was a scholar; three of the pupils were inmates of the Augen Clinic and one, Fraulein B——, was practically blind. It was the privilege and pleasure of the writer to read the lesson to two of these pupils till each had learned it. At the end of four months, the eyes of the

patient were pronounced cured, but he was admonished to continue the treatment by himself for six months in a milder climate.

We arrived in Venice in the Spring of '62 via Trieste and the Adriatic. Venice was then under the dominion of Austria. It had a population of 95,000, one half of whom seemed to be beggars. The garrison comprised 10,000 soldiers, mostly Hungarians. Austria levied conscripts from her Italian provinces to keep 13,000,000 Hungarians in subjection and she recruited her army in Hungary to hold down the Venetians. The city was surrounded by ships, Austrian men-of-war, with guns ready to bombard the town at a moment's notice. It was a cruel and forbidding sight. We stayed there three weeks; took a conversation lesson every day of an elderly man, who chafed and fumed with rage at the mention of Austria—which occurred very often as he could not keep off the subject

himself. He told us that within his recollection 30,000 Venetians had left the city to seek homes in "Italia Libera," or Victor Emmanuel's Italy. This sentiment of hatred, which animated our teacher, pervaded all classes. Riding one day on the Grande Canal, we saw Austrian soldiers putting hay into a beautiful old church with porphyry pillars. Our gondoliers gnashed their teeth in rage. While in Venice the Emperor and Empress came and we saw them walking on the Molo. We followed at a respectful distance, but we walked alone as every Italian hastened away, just as the little lizards slink from your path, into the walls, anywhere out of sight.

On arriving in Venice, the writer had occasion to consult a consul, and was told there was none. Just before leaving Venice, however, a United States consul arrived in the person of William Dean Howells, who seemingly was unequipped with even a slender knowledge

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of the Italian language. If this were a fault it was quickly and ably atoned for. Howells' "Venetian Life," his poems written in Venice, especially one entitled "Pordinone" and an elegy on John Butler Howells, are delightful reading! Although the writer has been in Venice three times since it became a part of the Kingdom of Italy she finds a peculiar fascination in reading Howells' "Venetian Life" and her three weeks' stay there in 1862 can be prolonged indefinitely in that agreeable occupation. But, when reading Howells' poems do not neglect "The Pilot's Story" "*Lest We Forget.*" It may not have been written in Venice. It is an incident of the Mississippi River, and strongly reminds one of Mark Twain and Abraham Lincoln on his second trip to New Orleans.*

Accredited as Mr. Howells must have been by the United States Government

* See Life of Abraham Lincoln, by the Honorable Isaac N. Arnold in the Appendix, p. 237.

to Venice dominated by Austria, his delicate handling of the whole situation is evidence of a genius for diplomacy as well as for authorship.

We went from Venice to Florence over the Appenines in the diligence, the only passengers. At Florence we found flowers everywhere in the greatest profusion. We arrived at a time when the moon was up the whole night long; the people were up too singing the whole night through. We retired at the usual hour, but not to sleep; every few minutes delightful music in the streets below would call us to the window. It was enchanting! I know not with what to compare it! You have heard a bird sing in such full throated exuberance that the thought came to you that something must be the matter with it, just so did these Tuscans impress us. I said to myself—O splendid and happy Florence! How long have you been thus joyous, and how long is this to last? It lasted for us six weeks and there was no

change. The people took their gayety with them everywhere, even to the churchyard. We went one Sunday afternoon to the little English cemetery to see the new made graves of Mrs. Browning and Theodore Parker: returning the people were singing hymns, patriotic songs, and shouting from time to time "Evviva Vittorio Emmanuelli ed abbasso il Papa!" Before leaving Florence Garibaldi came there unannounced. There was a crowd following him and great enthusiasm! We heard him address for ten minutes, the people in the Piazza del Duomo. The import of his address was, an admonition for the support of and loyalty to Victor Emmanuel. He was making similar addresses throughout Northern Italy and we met him again in Genoa.

In 1862 there was near the entrance to the Duomo a trattoria (restaurant) which tradition says was frequented by Michaelangelo, and his biographer says, that sit-

ting outside the trattoria and looking up at the great dome of the cathedral he said

"Come de te non voglio,
Meglio de te non passo;"

(Like thee I would not,
Greater than thee I cannot.)

From Florence we went to Rome; arriving a few days before Holy week. Permission was obtained to hear the music in the Sistine chapel. There was one American woman besides myself. We sat under a little canopy. There were not more than fifteen women—close beside me sat the Empress of Austria, her sister, the ex-queen of Naples, and still another sister, not fully grown; she afterwards became "La Duchesse d'Alencon," who lost her life in the burning of the Charity Bazaar in Paris. These women, all Bavarian princesses, were exceedingly beautiful.

The eight weeks spent in Rome must be passed by because the Papal states con-

tributed nothing towards the unification of Italy. The writer, however, cannot refrain from mentioning the fact that she, with a party, walked several miles out on the Apian Way to a small house which stood on the site where in Saint Paul's time stood "The Three Taverns." Here it was that Saint Paul's friends came out to meet him, whom when he saw he "thanked God and took courage." The street was lined on both sides with monuments but not in close proximity; all had inscriptions—many beginning with "Siste Viator" (stop traveler). A member of the party read them with the ease as if written in English. Soon after this, all the monuments were removed to the museums, to save them from the voyaging vandals. No one goes to see them now.

From Rome we went to Naples where we arrived just in time to see the triumphal entrance of Victor Emmanuel into the city. He was accompanied by his son-in-law Prince Napoleon; they came in the yacht of the latter. The King

had been there, just for a short time, two years before, just after Garibaldi's wonderful achievement. They met then on horseback. They clasped hands. Garibaldi, his voice choked with emotion, said "King of Italy"—to which the King simply answered "Grazie!" (thanks). Then later he gratefully told the gallant soldier that his daring had hastened Italian unity by ten years. To which Garibaldi replied, "But Sire, it could not have been done had not Victor Emmanuel been the most noble and generous of Kings."

Although Naples had been a part of the Kingdom of Italy for two years the sight of their King set them wild with rejoicing. There were endless processions and music; miles of streets festooned with roses. At evening in the San Carlo Opera House we saw and heard the famous tenor, Mario, in "The Dumb Girl of Portici." The scene of the opera is laid in Naples and the enthusiasm was

most memorable. Grisi,* the wife of Mario, was in a box at the left. She was ten years the great tenor's senior—retired from the stage. Victor Emmanuel and Napoleon were there in a proscenium box at the very top of the house. The next day when we went to see the blue grotto, as we passed the Prince's yacht, we saw a little boat like our own, pushing off from the ship; it contained Victor Emmanuel and Napoleon on the same errand as our own. And we saw the grotto together. At that time Victor Emmanuel was 42 years old, a little above medium height, florid and of a robust appearance, brown hair, blue eyes or gray, a bushy russet colored moustache turned up at the sides; he carried his head high, which gave him in the distance a proud and almost defiant look. But near at hand he had a melancholy expression not at all in harmony with the striking and unforgettable figure he made in his pictures.

* Grisi was a very famous soprano.

Homeward bound, in Genoa we again crossed the path of Garibaldi in an old church where tradition says Columbus was baptized. In the sacristy we were shown relics and a map of the world before the discovery of America; also a book in which distinguished visitors had written. There was a couplet by Byron above his signature. Garibaldi, just ahead of us, had written "En avant! En Avant! il recede qui s'arrete." ("Forward! Forward! They recede who stop.")

Italy is now a nation. The question of her future depends upon the solution of many problems; problems which confront no other country or people. Without entering into the realm of prophecy we are content to wait for some future Tacitus. It is, however, a hopeful sign that the children of Italy are taught to revere the memory of those patriots who gave them what liberty they have and who certainly freed them from a most degrading yoke of bondage.

CHAPTER VII

ITALY

THE peninsula of Italy has more powerfully influenced the destiny of mankind than any other spot on the globe. "Bethlehem of Judea and Greece have flooded the world, the one with spiritual life and the other with intellectual splendor." Bethlehem was the source but Rome and Italy the mighty rivers distributing refreshment to countless millions which otherwise might have drooped. Some historian has written that when Christ came into the world there was not a man in Rome who did not know the story of how Horatius held the bridge. Although some Niebuhr* may

* There were two Niebuhrs. Carstens, who was a German traveler and writer of travels in Arabia. His son, George 1776-1881 wrote a history of Rome attempting to separate tradition from authentic history.


arise to prove that Horatius never lived, the immortal story did live, signifying an ideal which the world has cherished and imitated for two thousand years. We may now do well to ponder over the words the historian, MacAuley, has put into the mouth of a heathen—

“And how can man die better,
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?”

Why the name Italia, a Pelæsgic word, beginning in a little Greek colony at the very toe of the boot, should have gradually extended so as to embrace the whole peninsula, beggars conjecture. The history of Italy is often the record of disconnected autonomous states at war with each other, as was the case for years with Venice and Genoa. At other times it is the distracting quarrels between great political parties—as the Guelfs and Ghibellines in the inland autonomous state of

Florence. In the 12th century these two great political parties appeared—the adherents of the Pope were called Guelfs—the adherents of the Emperor—Ghibellines. But these names gradually outgrew their original significance and came to express opposing tendencies; tendencies which now would be called radical and conservative. The Guelfs stood for a new Italy; feudalism blotted out; commerce fostered and a leaning toward Republicanism. The Ghibellines stood for a protest against any changes in the old order of things. But what these names really represented, was, an unintelligent destructive force. They afforded banners under which people could enroll themselves to carry on private hatreds and family feuds, thus enabling them to build up or to ruin as desire dictated. These long and purposeless struggles between Guelfs and Ghibellines were more detrimental to Italy than foreign oppression.

Political parties have had the habit of out-growing their original significance. The democratic party of the United States, previous to the Civil War, favored African slavery and the extension of territory North or South that would aid in the extension of that "peculiar institution." The land which was acquired from Mexico for that sole purpose, though the purpose failed sometimes, gave our beloved country a very bad name amongst the Spanish speaking republics of America, especially Mexico, and we are suffering to-day in a vain attempt to set ourselves right in their opinion. Every state that seceded and tried to build up a slave-holding confederacy, was a democratic state. The man who assassinated Abraham Lincoln was a democrat. The writer has known many people who boasted they were democrats—without blushing. But the name at that time was a misnomer; it has since then re-



turned to its pristine purity. The Allies are fighting for Democracy, and if they succeed in overcoming the autocratic dogma "that might is right" it will serve the world as a universal "Declaration of Independence."

From 1530 to 1796 Italy had no history of its own. If you would trace its disturbances, distractions and overturnings, you must go to the histories of France, Germany and Spain. For nearly three centuries, Italy was the battleground for alien armies fighting over issues with which it had nothing to do. Francis I and Charles V fought out their long battles on Italian soil. Francis was taken prisoner and carried to Spain. Charles had full possession and Rome became the scene of horror, ravaged by a German mob: the Pope hiding in the Castle of St. Angelo, while the worst passions of a ferocious and brutal army were let loose upon the inhabitants; their atrocities

rivaling in horror the sacking by the Goths and Vandals.

After this there came another Medician Pope, Clement VII, who drove Henry VIII of England into protestantism by his indecision over the matter of the divorce of Catherine of Aragon—whom he wished to repudiate. She was the aunt of Charles V, which complicated matters. The above is the dictum of history. The writer, however, does not accede to the conclusion. The aims of Henry VIII were certainly immoral but the final outcome of the affair was, on the whole, beneficent. The King, deprived by Pope Clement VII, the privilege of repudiating Catherine, declared himself, aided by his parliament, to be the head of the church. He divorced his queen, and played the role of Mr. Bluebeard by marrying five other women in succession. But this was a small affair compared with what might have been had the Inquisition taken root in England.

As it was the Island Kingdom gave to the world no Torquemada.

These events concern sovereigns, pontiffs and princes. The people, however, were most wretched. Prosperity was destroyed; towns depopulated. One event, however, under the pontificate of Gregory XIII in 1572, marked the reform of the calendar which was adopted by all Christendom except where the Greek church prevailed; so, today in Russia and Greece they are thirteen days behind the rest of Europe. When January 1st comes in Russia and Greece, which still use the Julian calendar, it is January 14th in the rest of Christendom.

This was the period of the religious wars in France, which terminated when Henry IV was received into the church by Clement VIII. This same pontif is remembered for his burning, for alleged heresy, of Giodano Bruno; the most learned and distinguished scholar of his age; and also with the torture and death

of Beatrice Cenci for the crime of parricide—a punishment which although perhaps deserved, the crime was never proven.

The attempts of Genoa to establish a republic under Andrew Doria, a son of one of her ancient families in 1528, was not unsuccessful, for it continued in force till the French revolution. Of just such disconnected fragments as these does the history of this period consist. Nothing that happens seems connected with what precedes or succeeds it,—to chronicle even great events is much like trying to photograph a Kaleidoscope.

The Duchy of Savoy remote and unobserved, continued to flourish. Her rulers, by a shrewd policy and ambitious marriages were becoming a power. Victor Amadeus I, who married the daughter of Henry IV, is remembered by the almost total extinction of that religious sect called the Waldenses—a sort of protestantism; so named from its founder,

one Peter Waldo. To escape persecution these people had hidden under the shadow of the Alps in Savoy and Piedmont, where unobserved they had built their villages and worshipped unmolested. After the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, Victor Amadius was ordered by Louis XIV to compel his Waldensean subjects to become Catholics; so, between the armies of France and Savoy this picturesque and defenceless people were awakened from their dream, and almost annihilated. In this age of absolutism the game of shuttlecock was played in Italy—cities were tossed without ceasing, from one to another. Nice was torn by Louis XIV from Savoy, thus changing masters for the eighth time in a period of less than two hundred years. Italy, as a nation, did not yet exist; she was therefore more interested in a throne in Spain than in events amongst the people about her who spoke the Italian language.

The Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 again upset the established boundaries of Italy. Spain had to give up Naples which, with Milan and the Island of Sardinia was assigned to the disappointed Emperor of Germany. The Duke of Savoy had joined the Grand Alliance against Louis XIV in the day of his decline. He had earned a reward; so, a valuable strip of territory lying between Milan and Genoa fell to him and also the Island of Sicily with the title of King of Sicily. Later, in 1720 he was induced to exchange this with the German Emperor for Sardinia, the regal title being changed to King of Sardinia. This is mainly interesting as showing the steps by which the duke of little Savoy became King of Sardinia and finally in the person of Victor Emmanuel II, King of United Italy. The reign of Victor Emmanuel began in deep sadness. His army was demoralized by a galling defeat. His father was dying of a broken heart in Portugal. The extreme reac-

tionists were denouncing the liberal tendencies which they claimed had caused the ruin of the state. At Turin, his capital, there was no enthusiasm, nothing but frigid coldness. It needed great ability and no little address to unite these opposing factions and reconcile them to the humiliating terms he had been obliged to accept—20,000 Austrians quartered in Piedmont and a heavy indemnity to be paid. He became grave and abstracted; and an expression of deep sadness became habitual and never left him.

It was during the reign of a Spanish King, Charles III, son of Philip V, over Naples in 1738 that the cities of Herculanium and Pompeii were uncovered after being hidden seventeen hundred years.

One seemingly unimportant exchange of territory at this time profoundly affected the future of Europe. The Island of Corsica belonged to Genoa and had for generations been struggling to free

itself from the hatred tyranny. The expiring republic being in desperate need of money sold her troublesome dependency to France; and so the great Corsican, Napoleon Bonaparte, instead of being born an Italian—as he would have been, or a German or a Spaniard as he might have been, was a Frenchman!

Across the Atlantic a mere handful of people, because of the infringements of their rights and liberties, which in Italy or France would have seemed small and trivial, had measured their strength with England; had thrown off the yoke of bondage and joined the nations of the earth as a free and independent people. This was an object lesson which made despots tremble. The name of George Washington became known to the most illiterate in Europe. The air was vibrating with the word Liberty. It is the characteristic of genius to turn obstacles into opportunities. Napoleon had that genius and the note he struck was “free-

dom for oppressed peoples." France and Italy answered that description. With an unpaid and an unclothed army he swept down upon the plains of Lombardy and in ten months he was master of all Italy. What an opportunity was here for this man in whose veins there flowed only Italian blood,—to accomplish the dream of centuries—the unification of Italy! But, intoxicated by the novelty of unlimited power—goaded by colossal ambition, he failed. Italy had to wait a half century for other hands with purer hearts to set her free and Napoleon had to expiate his crimes in exile on a lonely desert island.

CHAPTER VIII

THE RENAISSANCE

THE great intellectual awakening in Europe following closely on the last of the eight crusades—which ended in 1270—the Italians named the *risorgimento* and the French, the *renaissance*. It was the legitimate offspring of the long continued effort to rescue the holy sepulcher from Mohammedan rule. Hardy adventurers, earnest christian souls, and great scholars, thrown together in intimate relations, all actuated by one common aim, compared their knowledge and accomplishments; this created enthusiasm, inspiration and competition. The first great result of this movement in Italy was achieved by Dante who immortalized

himself and the age in which he lived by the Divine Comedy.* The force and spirit of this awakening in Italy was in some degree and for a time, limited to painting and architecture; painting was busy in illustrating Biblical history—the Scriptures—and architecture was mostly confined to building churches. The talent and genius of several millions of people converged on these two subjects. Every youth who had brains was apprenticed to some great painter or architect; sometimes to both in succession. The result was Titian, Correggio, Andrea del Sarto, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael and Michael Angelo—after him there could be nothing greater.

* In the light of the twentieth century it seems strange that Dante was a ghibelline—an out and out imperialist. Whilst absent in Rome on private business, the Guelfs got the ascendancy, confiscated his property and banished him to Ravenna—a place, for an able pedestrian, only a walking distance from Florence—but he was threatened with the pleasant alternative of being burnt alive if he returned. So, robbed of fortune, and with no weapon but his pen, he made effective use of it in dealing with his enemies.

In Spain and Portugal the force of the renaissance spent itself on explorations. In England, however, on the other hand, the movement confined itself to literature and scholarship. Englishmen flocked to Italy to study the humanists, the result of which was to make the era of Elizabeth, the golden age of English literature. The impulse finally converged on dramatic poetry. For a century and a half people wrote mediocre poetry who might have excelled in writing something else. Marlow, Bacon, Ben Jonson and Milton were all inspired by the renaissance spirit; but Shakespeare was the apex of dramatic endeavor! He was not only the playwright but an actor and theater manager, and at one time the owner of a theater. He was not only responsible for the performance as a whole, but for each role of the numerous *dramatis personae*. In his time the theater was not the honored institution it is today, though it was the favorite recreation of the learned and

great. The various roles were played by men and boys. How natural and probable it must have been when if by chance Shakespeare made a slip as to fact or fancy in any line of the play, to have these learned men meeting him soon after call his attention to it. He, of course, corrected the error. He thus became the pupil of the learned of London—and an apt scholar he must have been. He seems to have had a knowledge of the classics as well as of modern languages—years of this schooling earned for him the phrase applied to him by the poet, Coleridge, two centuries later “Our myriad minded Shakespeare.” “What is the secret of your life?” asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley, the novelist, “tell me that I may make mine beautiful too.” He replied, “I had a friend”—we know that Dante had a Beatrice, Petrarch a Laura, the great, pure soul of Michael Angelo found solace and relief from his distractingly laborious life in the friendship of

Vittoria Colonna. Whether Shakespeare had a similar source of inspiration we shall never know, but judging from the women his imagination created, if he had, it must have been some divinity, for he ennobled and glorified everything he touched—even where hampered by historical facts. To the Lady Macbeth he gave an awakening conscience. After vainly trying to wash out the “damned spot,” we are moved almost to tears by the pathos of her plaintive wail “All the perfumes of Arabia can never sweeten this little hand!” And Shakespeare took the most infamous woman of ancient times—judging by present day standards—Cleopatra. History and her pictures show she was not beautiful, but, she had that strange, invisible something we call magnetism*—when we have read the

* It is known that a bit of iron or steel can be converted into a magnet that will attract its kind, by a simple process of winding about it copper wire and subjecting it to an electric current from a battery. Shall we ever know more than we do about animal magnetism?

drama of Anthony and Cleopatra we are chagrined by the bald and pitiless exposition of the weakness of human nature; we close the book and can recall one single phrase which may be the solution of the conundrum "Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety." There is no proof that Shakespeare superintended the printing of any of his plays—although sixteen came separately from the press in small quarto volumes during his lifetime, many, if not all of these were published without the consent or supervision of the author, from copies often surreptitiously obtained from the play house. At the time of Shakespeare's death in 1616, no less than twenty-one plays remained in manuscript. It was not until 1623 that Shakespeare's actor friends, John Hemming and Henry Condell, brought together the previously printed and unprinted dramas of which they knew him to be the author, and published them in a folio volume, "in order,"

as they wrote, "to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive." Thirty-six plays were thus claimed for Shakespeare—the thirty-seventh — *Pericles*, had been printed separately in 1609 and was added to the list later. Following this edition of 1623, issued by his actor friends, there appeared another edition, in which the poet Milton,* then a youth of about 20, wrote a preface which was a eulogy, biography, epitaph and sonnet all in one.

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones
The labor of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid
Under a star-y-pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory; great heir of fame,
What needst thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument,
For whilst to the shame of slow endeavoring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,

* Milton was 8 years old at Shakespeare's death in 1616.

Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving
And so sepulchered in such pomp doth lie,
That Kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

A critic and writer * has reckoned that Shakespeare commanded a vocabulary of 15,000 words, almost double that used by the poet Milton or the novelist Thackeray.

The writer has three theories in explanation of the achievement in dramatic composition of this transcendent genius. The first she has already hinted at, without much amplification. He was, in common with us all, "the heir of all the ages" and also the favored pupil of the learned and great of his time—the golden age of English literature. Do the annals of dramatic production chronicle anything similar to his experience and opportunity to write, experiment, change and improve under the suggestion and advice

* George P. Marsh, the well known authority on language; this is, however, but intelligent guessing.

of an admiring public? Another theory is, that art arose in him spontaneously; that he created his ideals by the pure instinctive force of genius. The third theory is, that he was inspired as was Joan of Arc. Mark Twain says in his life of this Domremy maiden, it is the only biography in existence where the main facts are substantiated by witnesses who were formally subpoenaed and testified under oath. She could not read, yet she dictated state papers, using appropriate language, non-existent in her maidenly vocabulary. In her trial when questioned by her enemies in order to trap her, her replies indicate the prescience of the Deity, and recall Christ's replies made under similar circumstances. His enemies asked "Is it lawful for us to give tribute unto Caesar, or no"—his reply "Show me a penny. Whose image and superscription hath it?" They answered and said "Caesar's." And he said unto them, "Render therefore unto Cae-

sar the things which be Caesar's and to God the things which be God's." My three theories do not necessarily conflict—they can be harnessed as a troika * or as a two-span.

The writer has read Frank Harris' book entitled "The Women of Shakespeare." He seems to have no doubt as to the sources of Shakespeare's inspiration; according to him they were his mother, his wife, his mistress, a court lady who had two husbands in succession and a daughter. With infinite pains he has listed most of the women named by Shakespeare and has mapped out the controlling agency amongst these inspiring mediums. His achievement suggests psychometric ability. There are those who believe that inanimate objects record every act, every condition, every circumstance which transpires in its vicinity. For example, a murder committed within

* Troika is the Russian word for three horses harnessed abreast.

the four walls of a room—the plastering records the deed, and the psychometrist can read it. Handwriting seems peculiarly adapted to this form of psychic experiment. Harris seems to have read the very soul of Shakespeare; he tells us his thoughts and feelings from his lines. The writer had an acquaintance, a highly educated person, who believed that Shakespeare was an ignorant country bumpkin and that Bacon wrote the dramas which bear Shakespeare's name. The Bacon theory is worthy of no consideration whatever!—but in contemplating the Harris theory my mind is stalled—the load is too great. Unfortunately I shall not live long enough to investigate the matter. It is as if some one said to me you can never eat chicken except you catch the bird, kill it, pluck the feathers and cook it yourself. So, I am condemned to read my Shakespeare in my own ignorant fashion as heretofore—get out of it what I can which is all I shall need.

The nations or peoples contiguous to Italy have tapped her intellectual resources and drawn upon them without stint. The German speaking peoples of Germany and Austria were tardy in perfecting the German language and developing its literature, but they led off triumphantly in musical composition and gave the world Bach, Beethoven and Wagner.* There are those who believe and maintain that the composition of the music of a Grand Opera is the greatest

* Professor Camillo von Klanze, in a preface to a book on German poetry, wrote, "Unlike English literature, German literature was not allowed to develop continuously; after periods of brilliancy we find decay and complete dearth."

"The terrible religious wars which raged from the middle of the XVI century to the middle of the XVII century—notably the 30 years' war—sapped the very marrow of the people. National life almost disappeared and Germany became dependent on France for her culture."

Most writers on the history of German literature have given little emphasis to the lack of a guiding, inspiring national impulse; had such existed Goethe would hardly have felt flattered by being decorated with the "Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor" by Napoleon.

achievement of the human mind. But the writer does not think it can measure up to the work of a Shakespeare or a Michelangelo. But that is shooting on the wing.

We have to admit the Germans are a great people; the earliest records of them speak of homely domestic virtues surpassing those of their neighbors. The novelty of being at last an undivided country rendered them susceptible to adroit flattery. Ambitious, designing war-lords, comprising the greatest minds of the empire, headed by the Kaiser,* invented a propaganda which when carried out "isolated the people from the morality of civilization, converted them into lawless pirates, ruthless buccaneers." The nation became afflicted with a new and fashionable disease—autointoxication

* The masses were hoodwinked. The Kaiser often addressed his army and always told them they were fighting to defend the Fatherland. This was a crime, though it changed into a prophecy later.

—in which the balance between assimilation and elimination was lost. The germ at the center, however, is sound and the nation must recover. There must be a nucleus of virtue which will re-light the torch of honour and glory, and enable them to re-enact their noblest history and traditions. The Teutons are today the linguists of the world: if you travel to remote and out of the way places you will, most likely, find your hotel-keeper a German who speaks your own tongue and that of several others—in this we can imitate them with profit.

CHAPTER IX

ITALY AND AUSTRIA

WHEN you visit Rome you are shown the house where Goethe spent the winter; his subsequent writings show the effect of that visit: whether the writings of Victor Hugo were similarly affected is a question. He certainly did produce a work, his "Cromwell," eight years after Manzoni had defied the unities of time and place in a similar tragedy "The Count of Carmagnola." Notwithstanding Victor Hugo's frequent inaccuracies the writer experiences more pleasure in reading Victor Hugo's works than almost any other author of the 19th century.*

* The writer herein makes an humble apology to the shade of Victor Hugo. She mentioned his frequent inaccuracies which was an injustice, since many of his greatest works were written in exile where he had no access to reference libraries.

The writer, returning to America from Europe, was in Paris in August, 1862, when *Les Miserables* made its first appearance. Napoleon III was at the height of his power—Hugo was in exile at Hauteville House on the Island of Guernsey—the French people had a singular way of showing their appreciation of Hugo. The book was not advertised to our knowledge, but, suddenly we saw a copy of the book, wide open in a big show window of some great establishment—very soon there were more in other windows; they kept on increasing till at last they seemed to be everywhere, even in small, out of the way streets and in obscure windows. We purchased a copy and read it on the sea voyage homeward. It was almost finished, when, entering New York harbor it was stolen from our steamer chairs. This was vexatious, but fortunately we spent the winter in Washington, D. C., and in the following January (1863), the English

actor, Vandenhoff, arrived in Washington, gave readings in the Senate chamber from *Les Misérables* and we were thus enabled to finish the work by proxy, as it were. He read his own translation.

Above all things else, the writer wishes to be just. Previous to the declaration of war in 1914 by the ex-Kaiser, she had the greatest admiration for many of the achievements of the English people, but she loved the German people. Nations, like individuals, commit offenses; they do things they know to be wrong, impelled by one cause or another. King John—Lackland—a most unworthy instrument of good, was forced by the barons of England to sign the Magna Charta, which has been termed the “Cornerstone of popular liberty”—for this alone the world owes England a great debt. On the other hand the English government has been guilty of many acts of injustice, especially where her sub-

jects were profiting financially, as in the slave trade when we were a colony of England, and later the opium traffic with China. When friends tell us our faults we take no heed—but if an enemy use the same words we are pricked to reform. The perfidy of Germany as practiced during the last four years has given the writer great pain and has been felt as a personal grievance, causing a wound which it will require years to heal. She does not wish to become an Anglomaniac, neither a hater of the Teutons. She is willing and waiting to forgive and forget; in such manner that when at last she renders her own account the recording Angel may write she was not unforgiving. But the question arises, Have the Germans repented? This recalls a phrase used by John A. Logan in a public speech, "To forgive the wrongdoer before repentance makes more than it reforms criminals."

CHAPTER X

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

"The Austrians are really the greatest brutes that ever called themselves by the undeserved name of civilized men."
—Lord Palmerston.

“AUSTRIA - HUNGARY* is in many ways the most aristocratic state in Europe. There is a semblance of popular government, but the Emperor and aristocracy rule. The electoral system is very confused, so as to keep down the warring nationalities which comprise the Empire.

* The writer has many dear friends, both here and in Europe, who are Austrians. The sweeping condemnatory statement of Lord Palmerston, which is at the head of this chapter, was made when he was the premier of England and knew that there were 20,000 Italian patriots languishing in subterranean dungeons in the largest city of Southern Italy, then dominated by Austria. Thus it is that a whole nation is blamed and made to suffer for the guilty acts of a few people in power.

The Senate, or the upper house, like the Bundesrath in Germany, is composed of princes of the blood, archbishops and bishops, the heads of noble land owning families and members appointed for life. The great estate owners also enjoy privileged places in the Lower House, as do representatives of Chambers of Commerce. There is only such freedom of speech, of the press and assemblage, as the bureaucracy permits. The warfare of a score of different nationalities is the controlling issue in domestic politics, and the expansion of the empire into the Balkans, the impelling motive of foreign affairs."

"The old feudal aristocracy rules in its own interest. It fills the higher positions in the court circles—it officers the army—it controls the foreign office—its members form the diplomatic corps. Cast is writ large in the country, and except in Hungary and Bohemia there is little democratic spirit outside the socialist

groups. The rule of the house of Hapsburg and the church has crushed the nation and left it a prey to the privileged classes."

The population of Austria in 1912 was over 28,000,000. About one-third speak the German language and they possess much of the country's wealth and culture. In Bohemia, however, the Germans are outnumbered by the Czechs who are the most progressive of the Slavonic peoples in Austria. There are 10,000,000 Magyars—4,000,000 Poles—3,000,000 Ruthenians—the Slovaks number about 8,000,000—700,000 Italians.

The military violence of Austria against Italy began in 1746. The Emperor Charles VI of Austria violated the Salic law, publishing an ordinance giving pragmatic sanction to his appointing his daughter, Maria Theresa, heir to his throne. This led to war—the contestants dividing the European powers. Maria Theresa fled to Hungary which gallantly

espoused her cause. Finally the victory was given to the Allies of Maria Theresa. The Austrians, made bold by their success near Piacenza, made war upon Genoa to punish it for having taken the part of the enemy. The drunken Austrian troops committed unheard of crimes and demanded an indemnity of 21,000,000 lire. These persecutions lasted three months and finally ended in a fierce five-day battle, after which the enemy retired.

After Napoleon was conquered at Waterloo (1815), the monarchs of Europe dictated the Congress of Vienna. Italy was dismembered and repartitioned. Austria demanded and received the lion's share. The Kingdom of Sardinia, Piedmont and Liguria fell to Victor Emmanuel I of Savoy. The Kingdom of the two Sicilies to Ferdinand I of Bourbon. The Roman State to the Pope. The Republic of San Marino, under the protection and rule of the Pope. The island of

Malta to England. Corsica was left to France.

Under the rugged but kindly mountain regions of Calabria and the Abruzzi there had been for some time a secret society, the Carbonari, composed of the ablest men and women of those parts, whose purpose was the liberation of Italy. One day before the Congress of Vienna they numbered about 800,000. A few days after the Congress they comprised double that number.

In 1820 a revolution burst out in the Kingdom of the two Sicilies. The leaders of the Carbonari appeared at the royal palace and boldly demanded a constitution. The revolutionists were encouraged and incited to rise up against their oppressors by the poet, Gabriel Rossetti* (born in Vasto Abruzzi). The throne of Ferdinand of Bourbon was tottering

* Gabriel Rossetti was the father of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the celebrated English poet and painter and founder of the pre-Raphaelite school.

when an Austrian army appeared and re-consigned the scepter of despotism to Ferdinand I. One year later in 1821 an insurrection arose in Piedmont which was started by the students of the University of Turin. There were also uprisings in the duchies of Modena and Reggio; but the revolutionists were unarmed and without ammunition. These uprisings were followed by prosecutions, condemnations and executions. But from these futile yet sacred revolutionary ruins there arose a leader, powerful, austere, earnest, indomitable—Giuseppi Mazzini, who in Marseilles, 1831, founded the *Journal Giovanni Italia* (Young Italy), an organ that was destined to educate the masses to a sense of the true value of all forms of self-government, and to count among its adherents later, philosophers, poets, scholars, jurists, economists, statesmen and heroes.

In 1846 the dreary pontificate of Gregory XVI had come to an end; it had

been characterized by devotion to the Hapsburg rule. Mazzini was in England—Garibaldi was in South America, each, with a price set upon his head, and who should succeed this pontif was a burning question. It is a singular fact that Austria still holds the power of veto in the conclave, by virtue of her headship in the "Holy Roman Empire." The choice fell upon Cardinal Feretti; so unexpectedly to him—that it was said, when the result became certain he exclaimed "Gentlemen, what have you done?" and then fainted. He was known to be liberal. The joy of the patriots was unbounded, and only equalled by the consternation of Austria. The Ambassador, hastening from Vienna with the Emperor's veto, arrived too late, Pius IX was in the chair of Saint Peter and had commenced his pontificate. He began his reign by pardoning all condemned political prisoners. He named Cardinal Gizzi, a liberal, as secretary of state. He

mitigated the vigor of the censorship of the press; instituted the office of state council in which each province had two representatives; permitted the formation of civic guards; and cried aloud from the Vatican "God Bless Italy!" Prince Metternich, premier of Austria, was heard to mutter, "We had reason to expect any evil except that of a liberal Pope."

Poland had been effaced in her despairing effort to maintain independence. Her territory with its 15,000,000 inhabitants had been divided between Russia, Austria and Prussia. Polish exiles were scattering seeds of rebellion wherever there were souls thirsting for freedom. The soil of Italy was ready for such seed, the people pining for the harvest. Patriots had grown bold in Hungary and Italy was catching the contagion. Mazzini and Garibaldi were watching from afar, ready to return and join in the rescue. Just then news came of the fall of the monarchy and establishment of a republic in France. This sent a thrill of

joy to patriots throughout Europe, and immediately following this came word of an insurrection in Vienna and the expulsion of Prince Metternich. The time has come, they said, to make a strike for liberty. Charles Albert whose sympathies were with the people, with his two sons, the dukes of Savoy and Genoa * entered into the struggle with Austria for the freedom of the Lombard, Venetian Kingdom. Patriotism was contagious, Tuscany, Rome and even Naples sent troops to defend the Lombard brothers but they had no great military leader and there came the defeat at Custozza and the retreat to Milan. Pope Pius IX had not yet given his sanction to the movement, although none doubted that he would. Great was the consternation when he issued an encyclical April, 1848, saying he

* One year before the Crimean war the duke of Genoa, brother of Victor Emmanuel II, visited England. Queen Victoria graciously presented him with a horse, saying, "I hope you will ride this in fighting the battles for the liberation of Italy."

could take no part in a contest against Austria: that was a death blow to the cause. The excitement in Rome was intense. The Pope's minister, Pelligrino Rossi was assassinated. Pius IX fled in disguise, under the cover of darkness to Gaita, a fortified city near Naples.

Charles Albert one year later resolved to make one more effort to expel the Austrians from Lombardy. He met a crushing defeat at Novara, March, 1849. The Austrians pursued the retreating army into Piedmont. Charles Albert, unable to endure the humiliation and disappointment, abdicated before he left the battle-field in favor of his son, Victor Emmanuel, leaving to younger and stronger shoulders the burden too heavy for him. This youth of 29, undaunted by defeat and his father's despair, with set face, looking out on the gloomy battle-field, uttered the words he was going to make true after 21 years of *unceasing effort*, "And yet Italy shall be."

The archives of Milan contain ac-

counts of incredible atrocities committed by the Austrians during the suppression of revolutions in Italy. Old men, women and children were burnt alive, but as we have been compelled to read so much of similar barbarisms in following the conduct of the war, the writer will spare the reader.* Austria was jubilant. Her able Field Marshal Radetzky had commanded the army at Custozza and Novara. Fame enough for one man! Austria † sent General Haynau to teach the people of Lombardy subserviency to Austria. The details of his atrocities combined with similar acts in Hungary so horrified the people of England that on a subsequent visit there he was set upon by a mob in London and pummeled thoroughly till rescued by the police.

* The news has just come that Bulgaria, Turkey, Austria and Germany have surrendered unconditionally.

† In October, 1848, the new young King Francis Joseph had just ascended the throne. There had been a revolution in Hungary incited by Polish exiles and General Haynau had been sent there to teach the Hungarians loyalty to Austria.

CHAPTER XI

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

AT this dark hour in Italy and when abandoned by the Pope a temporary government was formed in Rome for the conduct of the war with Austria: Mazzini and Garibaldi aiding in its organization. The abolition of the Inquisition was its first measure. As the emaciated victims were borne out into the blinding sunlight, a great cry arose, Down with the Pope! Long live the republic. A triumvirate was elected by the assembly composed of Mazzini, Armellini and Saffi. The Roman Republic with high hopes appealed to England and France to sustain it. The Republic of France, after electing Louis Napoleon as president, had suddenly by a coup d'état become an empire. Louis Napoleon sent 8,000 men to Civita Vecchia not to sus-

tain the republic but to effect a reconciliation with the Pope: it soon developed that the French soldiers were in Rome not as rescuers but as enemies. And when news reached Gaita that General Oudinot had attacked Rome there was great rejoicing. The popular indignation in France against Louis Napoleon was so great that he was constrained to send M. de Lesseppes to patch up a peace which would be acceptable to the Pope, General Oudinot, to the Republic and to the French Assembly. The effort failed, Oudinot being determined to re-instate the Pope without conditions.

Pope Pius IX has been blamed by historians for the part he played in calling an outside army of imperialists in to coerce a small band of patriots back into servitude to Austria. Garibaldi with 19,000 men, with splendid valor defended the city for four weeks against 35,000 trained veterans. On July 3rd, 1849, this brave leader was hastily summoned be-

fore the Assembly. In reply to their questions he was obliged to admit that the defense could no longer be continued. The Assembly ordered a surrender; then with stately gravity, as if it were a dying bequest, they conferred Roman citizenship upon all who had aided in the defense of the Republic. After this they calmly waited at their posts till they should be driven out by French bayonets. Then, just before the entrance of the French army Garibaldi assembled his soldiers and dramatically invited whoever would to follow him to the end. He said, "I have only danger and hunger to offer you; the earth for a bed and the sun for a fire: let whosoever does not despair of the fortunes of Italy follow me!" Of the three or four thousand patriots who accepted these stern conditions and passed out of the gates of Rome that night only a small handful survived to witness Italian independence, eleven years later. Proclaimed as outlaws, most

of them were captured and shot before they reached Piedmont.

Garibaldi's faithful and adored Anita whom he had married in South America, and who insisted on sharing his hardships, died from exhaustion by the way.

GARIBALDI AND ANITA, 1849

After the fall of the Roman Republic Garibaldi with fifteen hundred of his faithful followers, led the way to the little republic of San Marino and there secured an armistice with the enemy in which he demanded and obtained the right to send his companions undisturbed to their homes; he personally would not bind himself to any pact with the Austrians. He preferred to keep the road to which fate had predestined him. There were hundreds more daring and faithful who wished to follow him at any cost. The hero as gentle as he was invincible, could not refuse them. He accepted their offer and with them

attempted to escape by way of the sea. The fragile boat containing this sacred handful was soon overtaken by the Austrians. Garibaldi with his courageous Anita jumped into the water, and being practiced swimmers, were not long in reaching the shore. Ugo Bassi, the Barnabite preacher with many other Garibaldians were captured and executed. On August 4th, 1849—it was sunset—a little vehicle with one horse driven by the Garibaldian Captain Leggero crept slowly up the road which led from the sea to the woods of Ravenna. In this rough cart was a young woman sick with a fever. "Have courage!" said Garibaldi, who was dressed as a farmer and was sitting near the woman, caressing her forehead and holding above her head an open umbrella to prevent the burning rays of the sun from scorching her. "Courage my good Anita, in that house yonder we will ask aid." "O, Giuseppi, I am dying!" murmured the invalid,

while foam covered her burning lips. The hero wiped her mouth with a silk handkerchief—a black cloud closed over his soul. They finally reached the vicinity of the house. A farm hand looked with surprise at the strange company. “In the name of humanity,” cried Garibaldi supplicatingly, “save this woman! I ask nothing for myself, everything for her. Give us a glass of water. Let us rest a moment.” “I am not the master here,” responded the rustic, “but I will call my master Ravaglia.” A woman servant came out of the house. She, seeing that Anita was struck with death, was overcome with emotion and exclaimed “Poor creature! To travel in such a condition! It is fortunate that we have a physician here.” Dr. Naldini came, looked anxiously at the invalid, and said sententiously “This woman is dying,” then looking fixedly at Garibaldi, continued, “and you with that face, with that beard, you are Garibaldi.” “Silence, for

pity's sake!" softly interrupted the hero, "you know well that I am hunted to the death, and all the others who assist me are punished." "Don't, don't reveal my name!" At that moment Steffano Ravaglia, the master of the house, joined them. He told them to take Anita into the upper chamber where there was a poor little bed. With the greatest tenderness the Hero took the little creature in his powerful arms and began slowly ascending the stairs. But after a few steps Anita's beautiful head fell back and she said feebly—"Giuseppi—the children—" and she was dead. The Hero replaced the adored figure on the ground; he touched it, he bathed it with tears; he covered it with kisses. He called her by the sweetest and most sacred names; he cried desperately: "No, no! she is not dead! Take her upstairs, it is a fainting spell. She has suffered so much, poor little creature! She will revive; she is strong. She is not dead. I say it is impossible.

If it were true I too would be dead because our lives have always been as one. Look at me, Anita—open your eyes—move your lips—speak to me!”

All of those present wept. Captain Leggero bowed respectfully over his leader and whispered in his ear these supplicating words, “Rise! Save yourself!—for your children—for Italy!” “I am choking,” responded the Hero—“Give me a glass of water.” He drank it; he arose. He turned and gave one last look full of infinite love and sorrow at the immobile form of the martyr, turning away sobbing like a child. He went to the door and stopped and offered a ring, which he had taken from the finger of Anita (the only treasure which he possessed) to Ravaglia to compensate him for his hospitality and as a memento. “No,” said the honest farmer, “keep it, it is sacred to you.” On August 11, 1849, an abandoned dog rummaging about discovered a body which was buried in the

shallow sand of Marina in the Parish of Mandriole. The authorities came and found it was the body of a pregnant woman, who had her hair clipped like a Puritan's and wore a skirt and mantle. The clothes were removed and displayed to help in the identification of the body. "And the brave consort of the Hero of two worlds was reburied nude in the earth. A few days after a man of robust appearance, but pallid and sad, left the country of Modigliana. That man was Garibaldi.

He escaped capture by some Croatian soldiers who were swearing ostrogothic oaths of vengeance against "Garibaldá"—too drunk for pursuit and finally reached Nice, his native city. He embraced his mother already past 84 years, kissed his children and wept with them for the loss of Anita, and with a heavy heart betook himself to exile: embarking on a ship going direct to Tunis; but the Bey refused to give him shelter lest he bring trouble

on his own head. Then the Hero wandered from Maddalina—the largest island in the Straits of Bonifacio (Sardinia) to Gibraltar—from Gibraltar to Tangiers; and finally took ship for New York, where he was given brotherly care by an Italian named Antonio Meucci—whom the Italian writer and publicist, Luigi Carnevale claims is the defrauded inventor of the telephone which today is called “the Bell.” Of the grounds for such statement, if there be any, the writer has no knowledge.

This was one of the darkest hours in the checkered life of our hero. Discouraged and depressed almost beyond endurance, he went to England. The reserved and undemonstrative Britons went wild with enthusiasm, giving him a reception most memorable, such as few men have ever seen.*

* Garibaldi had an adored and devoted brother, who dying left him a modest fortune with which he bought the Island of Caprera.

CHAPTER XII

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

THE early acts of Pope Pius IX's pontificate and his later acts are utterly at variance. He was as Cardinal Feretti, a liberal. He loved Italy and hated Austrian domination, but as Pope, subjected by necessity to the influence of the Cardinals, many of whom were implacable enemies of free institutions, he changed. What is influence? It is an atmosphere which encompasses us: we cannot breathe without it. The Cardinals, all the high dignitaries of the Roman Catholic church had been fostered and supported by the autocratic government of Austria. Pope Pius IX was compelled by all the rules governing social life to do nothing contrary to the wishes of Austria. Cervantes wrote "the obligations which rest upon a gentleman to make a suitable re-

turn for kindnesses received are ties that will not let a generous heart go free."

If reason were an innate endowment mankind might justly be blamed for its manifold sins; whereas it is a slow and tardy accomplishment dependent on circumstances, conditions and surroundings over which the individual has no control. We imagine ourselves to be free agents; but instead we are ruled by an inexorable past. "Few men, be they Emperors, Kings or Popes, are strong enough to defy the traditions of the high office to which they have been raised." Between Victor Emmanuel and Pope Pius IX there existed a sincere and profound love which never waned—their views respecting the union of church and state were totally different: the latter could not forget that he had once held almost the same liberal views as the former. All the liberals and most conservatives looked upon Rome as the eventual capital of united Italy, a plebiscite was made, and the vote showed

overwhelmingly in favor of it. But when overtures were made by the King to bring about this change, Cardinal Antonelli, the implacable enemy of free institutions, sent the insulting reply that the Pope could have no dealings with a robber king.

At a later period Victor Emmanuel sent an envoy to the Pope, respectfully but positively demanding the retirement of foreign troops which he had called to his aid under General Moricier. Pius IX refused to consider the request. The King sent troops into the papal territory—the Pope had given the order to the French Zouaves that when a breach should be made in the walls of Rome, resistance should cease. It did not take long to make that breach. It was a short campaign—the foreign army disappeared. Catholic Europe professed to be shocked and scandalized by this proceeding—but the love and respect of these two men for each other continued as long

as life lasted. In 1878 the King was stricken with a fatal illness. Pope Pius IX deeply moved sent word to him that nothing but the infirmities of age prevented him from coming himself to administer the last rites which he sent a cardinal to perform. Pope Pius IX died the following month.

Throughout the history of mankind every age and every people has had its dominant ideals. Amongst the Greeks it was artistic proficiency. In India it was philosophic calm, self control. In Egypt and Chaldea it was erudition.

"The Chaldee came with his starry lore
That built up Babylon's crown and creed
And bricks were stamped on the Tigres' shore
With signs which our sages scarce can read."

When man first emerged from savagery brute force was his ideal. In modern times other ideals have prevailed. In America and much of Europe during the last century, it has been financial suc-

cess; the accumulation of money. The greatest inventions, those of incalculable benefit to man, count for little unless backed by money. A few people who have spent a long life in the pursuit of this ideal and failed, have gained a self knowledge and self development far surpassing in real worth the ideal which they sought. Self knowledge and self development are agreeably acquired by the study of history and the lives of great men.

In spite of the blighting and blasting effect of the Inquisition in Italy the examples of great characters are numerous and invite our attention.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time.

Footprints that perhaps another
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main—
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing shall take heart again."

MICHELANGELO

No artist, sculptor or painter ever lived who so powerfully influenced the age in which he lived as did Michelangelo. Kings and pontiffs could not afford to neglect him, yet his life was a continual struggle with patrons, against enemies and adverse circumstances. Although personally a lover of simplicity and solitude he lived in the midst of intrigue and treachery. In 1547, the year of the death of Vittoria Colonna,* he became, at the age of 72 years, the chief architect of Saint Peter's, where he worked without salary—a labor of love to God—during five pontificates to the time of his death at the age of nearly ninety. To him is due the proportions of the great dome, and the structural security of the enormous building. In his earlier life in Florence he came under the influence of

* Vittoria Colonna was the widow of the Marquis of Pescara.

Savonarola for whom he had the greatest reverence.

Another great Italian was Galileo, whose fame, but for the Inquisition, would have filled a world's ear. Although born in Pisa, he was descended from a noble Florentine family. At the age of 19 he observed a swinging lamp suspended from the ceiling of the Cathedral in Pisa, and his experiments proved the isochronism of the pendulum, which resulted in its use to measure time. He invented the hydrostatic balance which created so much enthusiasm, that his contemporaries called him the Archimedes of his age. He invented the first thermometer and his discoveries relative to the laws governing falling bodies revolutionized previous notions. He taught his pupils to measure the height of mountains by the shadows which they cast. He did not invent the first telescope; that was done, according to some authorities, by an obscure Hollander, others say it

was the invention of a Greek. But he did make a telescope of threefold refracting power and went to Rome and in the gardens of the Quirinal showed the wonders of the heavenly bodies to multitudes of people. With his own hands he made and sold hundreds of these telescopes.

He also recognized Copernicus's discovery relative to the solar system. In 1616 he was cited to appear before the Inquisition by Pope Urban VIII. The Holy Office decreed that his theories relative to the solar system were philosophically absurd, and bade him discontinue his teaching; at the same time Copernicus's book on that subject was interdicted. Stricken in years, dreading imprisonment which at his age meant death, he obeyed. At the same time he was accused of heresy. That he escaped death may be because he had many friends in the Sacred College. A few years later he was permitted to go to Arcitri—near Florence. In the year 1638 when he was

74 years old he was blind but his mind undimmed. Milton, who was then 30, visited him there.

Copernicus is generally mentioned as a German philosopher and astronomer. He was a learned Pole, born in the village of Thorn on the Vistula River. He was educated in Italy and gave lectures on astronomy in Rome. He lived and died nearly 200 years before his natal village fell into the hands of the rapacious Prussia dominated by Bismarck.

When in Florence in 1862 the writer read a biography of Michelangelo from which she gathered the idea that previous to the building of Saint Peter's church it had been held as impossible to erect a dome larger than one of a certain size, for example, perhaps that of the Duomo of Florence, for want of support for the central portion — and that Michelangelo conceived the idea of its being accomplished by the use of a double drum, which, explained in simple language, is a

dome within a dome, so when in Rome she got permission, went up on the top of Saint Peter's and saw the double drum; in her mind's eye she can still see the great beams extending from the inside dome to the outside dome. The writer has tried to settle the truth of this statement; she has no record except the memory of something which occurred nearly sixty years ago. She could have been silent but she really wants to know and, having no reputation for either knowledge or wisdom to lose, she deliberately joins the great throng of those "who rush in where angels fear to tread." There are in Rome over 50 magnificent basilicas, many of them crowned by great domes; the entire structure so beautifully proportioned that, when seen near at hand, they compare favorably with Saint Peter's and seem larger than they are. But when we took a carriage and drove to Ostia, twenty miles away and looked back, the smaller domes had disappeared;

that of Saint Peter's eclipsed a moderate portion of the horizon, seeming so near as if one could touch it. The same result obtained when we went to Tivali in the opposite direction. We could but thank God that human hands and human genius had created such a miracle of beauty, and to be humbly grateful that our eyes had been permitted to behold it.

The cost of building Saint Peter's church was so enormous that Pope Leo X was constrained to raise money by selling indulgences and Germany became the chosen field for that purpose. This, with other causes, resulted in the Protestant Reformation. To go still further back to Christ's time, a scribe said to Him, "Master I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest." He replied, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." Contemplating these contrasting facts suggests the conclusion

that splendor dazzles only to ensnare. We cannot go far in any direction without striking great fundamental truths. As in reading *Faust* by the poet, Goethe, when Mephistopheles first appeared to Dr. Faust in his study, the Doctor asked him who he was and the Devil replied, "I am part of that force not understood, which always wills the bad and always works the good."

The persons responsible for and managing the Inquisition in the Roman Catholic church no doubt thought they were doing God's service and helping to reform the world; but those who would reform the world must show that they do not act in the heat of wild impulse; their lives should not be sustained by passionate error, and they should be religious students of the divine purpose, so as not to confound the fancies of a day with the requisitions of eternal good. But their doings seem to have been the reverse of all this. They fancied that the dis-

coveries of scientific truths were undermining religion, and they immediately set about installing ignorance as sentinels to guard against this result. Men cannot think alike. The tendency is to multiply beliefs as population increases and has been so in past ages: as when the Greek church and the Roman Catholic church through conditions and views as to the Trinity and other points, grew asunder and separated. The Roman Catholic church was again split by protestantism. The late, great war has shown us how harmoniously catholics and protestants can work together under the banner of one common aim, viz., the destruction of the dogma "that might is right." But it is essential that we respect the opinions of others. William Ellery Channing wrote "Esteem no man more for thinking as you do, and no man less for thinking otherwise, but judge each according to the principles which govern his life." In 1892, sometime before the Columbian

Exposition met in Chicago in 1893, Charles Carroll Bonney, a lawyer, formerly of Peoria, and later of Chicago, originated the idea of instituting a congress of religions, in connection with the Columbian Exposition. This was done to the delight of many people interested in such subjects. It was at that congress of religions that the writer heard for the first time the great suffrage leader, and eloquent woman orator, Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, of whom Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, said:

“This great woman was trained in Methodist surroundings, and first stirred the hearts of men and women in a Methodist Episcopal church—she lives with immortals—the pride of her country which mourns her death in the hour when full suffrage to women will soon crown her life’s devotion. The Methodist church failed in extending full fellowship to this singularly gifted woman, but what it lost for its communion, the world and

the church gained in her wider devotion to a cause which will bless all the world." Mr. Bonney was a Swedenborgian. The first work of the organization (the Congress of Religions), however, chanced to be done by a distinguished clergyman of the Presbyterian church—and later it was claimed that the idea originated with him, but this was an error. The author simply knows that the idea originated with Charles Carroll Bonney.

CHAPTER XIII

THE GOVERNMENT OF ITALY

THE government of Italy, when judged by its constitution alone, although called a constitutional monarchy, bears a stronger resemblance to the autocratic government of Austria than to any other. Its constitution was that granted to Sardinia by Charles Albert in 1848. When Sardinia's King, Victor Emmanuel II, became the ruler of United Italy, that old constitution went along with him. It never has been changed or revised, there being no provision for its amendment, so all changes have been made by the ordinary method of legislation, as in England, which has been the political model of the Italians. According to that constitution, as in Austria, the members of

the senate are appointed by the King and for life: the members of the lower house are elected by the people; the qualifications for voting are to males only of 21 years and upwards, who can read and write, and who pay a stipulated tax or rent. Later illiterates after 30 years of age were given the franchise. In some of the Southern provinces of Italy it is claimed that a large per cent of the people can neither read nor write, hence as the King has the power of dismissing the lower house and as there are so few qualified voters, it cannot be said, to be a government of the people, by the people and for the people as we understand that phrase. These facts nullify entirely the accusation that Italy broke faith with the nations forming the Triple Alliance. It is doubtful if the people of Italy had anything to do with the making of that pact. The Triple Alliance was made during the short reign of King Humbert, a most amiable and easy-going ruler. The prime

minister of Italy, Antonio Salandra in an address June, 1915, to the people of the Capital of Italy proved by documentary evidence that Austria, not Italy was the first to break the Triple Alliance. There is little doubt that the rulers of Italy were *at first* in sympathy with Germany—not Austria. Victor Emmanuel III is quite human, being closely allied by social conditions, as by blood with Germany. Queen Margharita, mother of Victor Emmanuel III, is the granddaughter of King John of Saxony. Victor Emmanuel II married his first cousin, daughter of Archduke Rannieri of Austria and Queen Margharita married her first cousin King Humbert. The crowned heads of Europe and Great Britain are a net work of close relationships resulting often, as we have seen, in intrigue and tragedy.

The above statement relative to the Government of Italy is virtually true up to a certain date, but, there have been

great changes within the last few years, as shown in the career of General Joseph Garibaldi, who, but five years ago, was fighting as an officer in France for France. To enable the reader to comprehend the strides which the Italian people have made and are still making in the direction of real self-government, we insert here a statement from the pen of A. Mastro Valerio, the able editor of *La Tribuna Italiana-Trans-Atlantica*, Chicago:

“In regard to the power of the King of Italy relative to the national parliament: he always follows the will of the people, viz., public opinion. If a party in parliament defeats the one which is in power, the king consults public opinion as it is expressed by the Press. He takes advice from prominent men of all parties and after due consideration, entrusts the government of that party which, more than any other, enjoys the confidence of the nation. The King of Italy reigns but does not govern. The people alone rule

through their representatives, whom the people select as the best fitted to lead. Senators are appointed for life by the King, but only after the suggestion of the government, i. e. (the people) and not by his exclusive volition.

“A law is now before the Italian parliament for discussion and approbation, concerning a reform in the election of senators of the Kingdom; according to it, there are to be appointed senators, and senators elected by the people. A new law concerning the electorate of the members of the lower house of Parliament has just been passed with very radical changes from the old laws: the most important one being that women have a full, free vote in all kinds of elections—not one excluded—(more liberal than in the United States)—and that the nominal colleges have been abolished to make way for the plural colleges: viz., that all the voters of each province must elect altogether a certain number of parliamentary members; just the same as we, in Chi-

cago, elect the judges, county commissioners and other officials as well as the United States senators; but not the congressmen and the members of the state legislatures.

“Since the year 1848, when the present constitution was granted, the King of Italy has never dismissed the Parliament by his own will or ordered a new election without the consent of the people which constitutes the government—when it has been evident that the representatives of the people, in the national parliament did no longer enjoy the confidence of their constituents, or the issue on which they were elected had died out, and new issues had sprung up on which the people needed to be consulted and given a chance to confirm their representatives or elect new ones, then the King followed public opinion as expressed by the Press, the representatives and their leaders: then Parliament was dismissed. Since 1848, when the present constitution was granted, the King of Italy has never

acted in conflict with his people and their government. He has always bowed to the will of the Italian people. The oaths taken by the various officials—notaries public, etc.,—also the judges in writing up a sentence—emphasize the fact, that Victor Emmanuel is King of Italy by the grace of God and the will of the Italian people.” *

As, for a long period in past ages Italy led the world intellectually, she now assumes a leadership which it is hoped she can keep. She has given her women full suffrage whilst we in the United States are struggling, state by state, to accomplish the same thing.

During the pontificate of Pius X, a delegation of progressive Italian women called upon the Holy Father seeking his endorsement of their demands for equal suffrage and equal treatment as human

* If I have interpreted Signor Valerio's letter to me correctly there seems to be a little discrepancy between his notion of our electorate and my own but the whole matter is not very important.

beings. But he rejected their petition, reminding them that God created man first and woman second: man to be the lord of the earth, and woman to be man's companion, helpmate and consolation, and emphasized the fact that she must remain subject to him. But, notwithstanding the Pope's attitude (whose pontificate ended but a few short years ago), the Italian Chamber of Deputies, on September 4th, 1919, granted the right of suffrage to Italian women by a vote of 174 to 55.*

* Signior Valerio is anti-clerical and his paper, *La Tribuna Italiana*, advocates the education of Italian children in the public schools as the shortest, surest and safest way to make good citizens of the next generation. There are many newspapers in the United States published in foreign languages; if, like *La Tribuna Italiana* they advocate the patronage of our public schools for the education of the young, they are capable of accomplishing a tremendous amount of good, for our schools are the bulwark and may be the salvation of the Republic. Such papers should be fostered, encouraged and supported by all loyal Americans. There is something about the atmosphere of our free institutions which enables the second generation of all our foreign population to tackle old problems which inspired only awe in their ancestors, with a fearlessness which is both naive and refreshing.

CHAPTER XIV

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE

IN the year of 1905 an Act called "The Law of Associations" was passed by the French government, the purpose of which was to restrict the political power of the church by means of the suppression of religious orders of men and women upon the soil of France. The cause of this extreme measure was claimed to be that the French clergy had always been in sympathy with every reactionary movement in France. That these religious orders were a nursery for aristocratic conspiracies; every intrigue against life of the Republic had been instigated by clericalism acting within those orders; and hence the expulsion was essential to the safety of the state. It was also expressly

declared that "The Act of Associations" was aimed not at religion, not at the church but at clericalism, a powerful element within the church which was converting it into a political as well as a spiritual power. "At the time when the agitation on the subject was at a critical stage, Pope Pius X sent an encyclical addressed to the church in France which made compromise with the government impossible. A mandatory syllabus to Frenchmen relative to their political relations to the government under which they lived, resulted in the immediate separation of Church and State and the transfer of all church property to the Government was at once passed by the French senate. The calmness with which this revolutionary measure was discussed and executed showed that the highest intelligence of the nation had been convinced of its necessity. The power derived from the ownership of ecclesiastical estates was no longer in the hands of men

in sympathy with the enemies of the government." "In the year 1907 Pope Pius X issued an encyclical to the Church Universal, from the Vatican—the avowed purpose of this syllabus was to warn the church against the spirit of Modernism, meaning, of course, the conclusions of modern science and research (so far as they conflict with the infallibility of the church dogmas). All Bishops of the church are commanded to treat modernism as a disease; to forbid the reading of literature infected with its germs; the printing and circulation of literature so infected to be suppressed by censors appointed for that purpose, every Bishop being ordered to report to the Vatican, under oath, the conditions in his diocese revealed by such censorship."

In 1883 Pope Pius IX issued a decree—*non expedit*—which forbade faithful catholics to take part in the elections in order not to participate in what he termed a usurping government.

ITALIAN BOUNDARIES

The eastern coast of the Adriatic rightfully belongs to the Italian people and they know it. The archeological discoveries there show no trace of the Teuton or any other Northern people. The Tavala Clesiana* proves conclusively that the Romans once possessed that part of the world; that they held the Adriatic as a Latin Lake. If Italy should relinquish her just claims for any cause whatever, it would be most magnanimous but for the other powers to insist on her doing so recalls Sidney Smith's allegory on English generosity. A sees B in distress and immediately sets about inducing C

* In April, 1869, two Italian peasants digging in a field near Cles, in the Trentino, found a bronze tablet in perfect condition on which was inscribed a decree written in Latin by which the Roman emperor Claudius in the year 49 A. D. settled the dispute, that had lasted so long, concerning the nationality of the inhabitants of the valley on the extreme north of the province of Trent. (Inscription too long to copy.)

Trentino is the charming mountainous region lying between Venito and Lombardy.

and D to relieve him. Italy's claims are based on established precedent which has obtained for ages in South America in settling similar questions, viz., the ancient boundaries. The Jugo Slavic claims are based on nothing but the need of a port on the Adriatic. But the strongest claim of all is that Fiume is an Italian city overwhelmingly Italian, and to give it to any other people would be a violation of the basic principle on which the League of Nations rests, viz., self determination as to government of the smallest power.

The whole of South America for two centuries after the Columbian discovery was a viceroyalty of Spain. Necessity increased the number of these viceroyalties, and one by one the peoples comprising them, have formed governments, freed themselves from Spanish rule and become independent Republics forming with the United States the Pan American union of twenty-one Republics. Disputes and differences as to the boundaries between

these governments have often arisen and have generally been settled by arbitration based on the old viceroyalty boundaries. The dispute between Chili and Peru, is an exception; it had a unique cause and precipitated a fierce war; even the trouble between great Britain and Venezuela was finally settled by arbitration after 70 years of bickering. President Cleveland invoked the aid of the Monroe Doctrine which England at first repudiated. Her claim had been unjust and overreaching. Finally she behaved beautifully and a committee formed of English and Venezuela men were unanimous in their decision. England lost nothing except the opportunity to capture a territory larger by one-half than the six New England states.

General Joseph Garibaldi* in the United States on a special mission for the Italian government says the population of Fiume is 90 per cent Italian in spite of

* He is the grandson of the "Hero of Two Worlds."

its domination by Austria. The impression among the people of the United States is that Fiume is the only port the Jugo Slavs can have; this is not true, there are seven ports the Jugo Slavs can use to greater profit. But Italy must have it because of its strategical position easily seen on the map. No other port would be a proper substitute as a military post should an enemy's fleet be in the waters of Fiume.

In 1797 after Campo Formio Napoleon formed Dalmatia into a dukedom for his Field Marshal Soult; it had a population of about half a million with Zara as the chief city. After seventeen years Waterloo came and it reverted to Austria—and Dalmatia and Trentino are now a part of Jugo Slavia which, if the principles governing the League of Nations are not violated, can join Italy by a plebiscite if the people so choose.

English common law, which is our heritage, is based on precedent.

The great Genoese navigator gave the New World to the Old. America's debt to Italy is too vast to be overlooked; but seeing it with no effort to liquidate the obligation is ungrateful if not sinful. The United States has made one great effort to pay France for her aid during the Revolutionary War and it is now Italy's turn to be remembered. A young Chicago woman, Miss Mary S. Nixon, a graduate of a great Eastern school, mastered the Italian language, went to Florence and taught in a girls' school there. The great war necessitated the closing of that school but she certainly set a noble example, which, now that the war is over, it is to be hoped will be followed. The war has taught us many facts: one weighty one, viz., that many things we deemed essential to our happiness and comfort were entirely superfluous. Tens of thousands of young women of wealth and leisure, in the United States, who never did a stroke of work in their lives

before, moved by patriotism, rose early, went to the Red Cross rooms and other places and worked till late at night for the Allied Cause. What are these young women doing now? Some are still working, having learned "it is more blessed to give than to receive." There never was a time in the world's history when the needs were so great, or the opportunities so abundant for accomplishing great philanthropic deeds: deeds which will bring joy to thousands now pining in misery, and happiness and fame to the agents of mercy! True ambition is not a blemish, but a spur to noble endeavor. Southern Italy is in crying need of relief—and it should be our solemn and religious duty to aid her. Man is not normal till he becomes religious. I have a deep veneration for all religions, even those beliefs which I cannot understand. Some friends whom I love are theosophists, and claim to have a dim recollection of a previous existence, whilst I am

taxed to the utmost to realize that some of the remarkable experiences of my life really happened. This seems a contradiction but is none.

The Roman Catholic church today claims infallibility, which is neither a modest nor a timid assumption! If it is infallible now, was it infallible in the time of Galileo? If infallible then and now what will the verdict of the future be when the year 2219 comes? We smile at the conclusions reached by the Holy Office three centuries ago. Italy for a couple of centuries was ground to the earth by the despotic rule of Austria. At last in 1860 it achieved its independence; but the church took no part in its unification, and now withholds its support and sympathy.

There are thousands, perhaps millions of devoted catholics who admit that the possession of temporal sovereignty is no essential part of the privileges of the successor of Saint Peter. It is most apparent

that the church is spending millions of money in these rich and prosperous United States to the neglect of Southern Italy, the poverty of which is desperate. In 1910 the earthquake destroyed whole towns: 70,000 people perished. This tragedy was followed by much emigration—so that now there are many living in those desolate regions who are dependent on money sent them by relatives living in the United States.

According to Italian writers, Italy was infested with German spies as was the United States. In respect to recent and remote revelations touching Germany's effort to influence and control the policy of the United States government, through spies as well as through her regularly appointed government officials, the friendly agreement to exchange professors of the great universities of both countries, looks much like coquetry on the part of Germany, though our professors were sincere. The most learned of our scholars

who were selected to fill these exchange chairs were justly envied. Later when our eyes were opened to the intrigue and deceit practiced under the guise of friendship and mutual respect, our distinguished professors must have felt as if they had been jilted, and the game so adroitly played as to bar redress, legal or otherwise.

It has been suggested that we leave the German language in abeyance for a time, whilst we devote ourselves to learning the romance languages. In the opinion of the writer that is a narrow and short sighted policy. The Teutons are a great people, they have a literature so valuable that no people can afford to neglect it and a rich and flexible language. We must learn it, the Russian, French, Italian, Spanish and any other language that may profit us by its mastery. The Germans now being the linguists of the world was not caused by her central position, surrounded by people speaking other

tongues, so much as by her shrewd policy of requiring but one year's military service of the young man who mastered several tongues beside his own. And we, with all our boasted ability and self-confidence and a population of 100,000,000, will require a century to get where Germany is today in respect to being linguists. And unless we reform our drifting policy—it might take a thousand years. The Kaiser and his war lords consciously or unconsciously seem to have illustrated Mephistopheles' reply to Dr. Faust when he asked who he was. "Ein Theil von jener Kraft, Die stets das Böse will und stets das Gute schafft."

CHAPTER XV

ITALY AND AUSTRIA

THE Methodist Episcopal church of the United States according to Dr. B. M. Tipple in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, "After 50 years of work in Southern Italy to mitigate the evils of degrading poverty, has caught a broader and more thrilling vision than ever before, confronted by a mighty crisis, it has laid plans accordingly." He says, "that men, women and older children there work 12 hours a day for a mere pittance of 19 or 20 cents. They are not idlers; they are unhappy slaves still awaiting their redemption." The United States must come to their rescue. To quote William Dean Howells in *Pordenone*, "He who sleeps in perpetual noise, is awakened by silence." We have had the noise and now comes the silence. The

United States is getting awake. Our compatriots have done much for France and Belgium. Now let us do something for Italy. Italy has vast undeveloped water power, but little wood suitable for poles on which to string electric wires, and this has halted power development. But through American ingenuity and the persistent effort of a veteran engineer, A. J. Bates, who with his three sons have overcome great difficulties—there has been shipped to Savona on the Gulf of Genoa, a whole factory of specially built machinery, mortars, tools, etc. This enterprise is expected to furnish the life blood for the revival of the nation's industries. But Savona is in Northern Italy which is measurably prosperous. It is Southern Italy which we must reach, where even the methods of tilling the soil are antiquated and inadequate.

It appears that some time before the close of the great war, the United States government had need to know more than

it did, of Persia, Bagdad and the countries about the Caspian Sea, and invited Harry Pratt Judson, the distinguished head of the University of Chicago to investigate the matter. President Judson condescended to go there for that purpose himself. He certainly did accomplish an intellectual, political and financial feat. In an address to the members of the Fortnightly of Chicago on the subject, wherein he laid no claim to having done anything remarkable, he made one statement which is not irrelevant to our subject, viz., He said the German government had planned to build a railroad across Persia. In square miles Persia is a trifle more than three times the size of France. The Persians greatly desired such a road, hence were disappointed when the prospect of one ceased. President Judson did not say Germany's aims in building this road were altruistic, neither did he say her aim was to be able to strike a blow at England through her

dependency, India. The question arises, why cannot our civil engineers help the Persians to build their own railroad for themselves? A school fellow of the writer, Hamilton E. Towle, of Lee, New Hampshire, a civil engineer, was employed for nearly four years by the Austrian government in building the dock basin and railway works at Pola. When his work was finished, returning from Europe with his family, to his native state, he took passage on the S. S. Great Eastern at Liverpool. A few days out from port the ship encountered a terrific storm, which unshipped the rudder. The vessel was at the mercy of the storm and consternation reigned among passengers and crew. Towle went to the Captain of the Great Eastern and modestly offered to make an attempt to get the great leviathan of the sea under control. His services were declined. Later when the ship was rolling in the trough of the sea; when passengers and members of the

crew had broken legs from being thrown about, the Captain consented. Towle, by some means, remedied the difficulty and the ship returned to Liverpool. This historical fact known to the writer is mentioned merely to show what genius and enterprise may do.*

For centuries Italy was the school house, the University for the surrounding peoples—what is to hinder our beloved land from serving the outside world in a similar manner?

In the great war which ended so abruptly, our government made tests as to

* The writer arrived in Liverpool about 36 hours after the S. S. Great Eastern had returned from her disastrous voyage. The London newspapers had given a complete account of the affair, in which full credit was given to Hamilton E. Towle of saving the great ship. Thirteen months later, the writer, homeward bound, was in Liverpool again. She heard many statements by men to the effect that "what Towle did for the Great Eastern had been known to the British Admiralty for years and that it amounted to nothing." This unusual experience led the writer to investigate with the result that she publishes in the appendix, pages 240-244, the Docket account of the wrecking and salving of the S. S. Great Eastern.

the intelligence of our private soldiers which may be of great benefit to mankind in general and cannot fail to be of vast service to the commissioned officers of our Army. The tests were prepared by a joint committee of the American Psychological Association and the National Research Council. On November 1st, 1918, one and one-half million examinations had been made. The rating which a man earned furnished a fairly reliable index of his ability to learn, to think quickly and accurately, to analyze a situation, to maintain a state of mental alertness, and to comprehend and follow instructions. The rating of the men was approximately as follows:

A—Very superior intelligence	4-5%
B—Superior intelligence	8-10%
C (Plus)—High average intelligence	15-18%
C—Average intelligence	25%
C—Low average intelligence	20%
D—Inferior intelligence	15%
D & E—Very inferior intelligence	10%
(Majority below 10 years in mental age.)	

The score made by these men in the tests were found to be little influenced by schooling. Indeed, some of the highest records were made by men who had never completed the eighth grade. This fact but confirms Oliver Wendell Holmes' dictum "If you wish to make much of your youth of 17 you must begin with his grandfather."

The peace loving Quaker who worships God in a church built of logs which had been squared with an adz and the Pope saying mass under the great dome of Saint Peter's, seem far asunder: but both worship the same God, and both are aiming at the same goal—the roads are different. Both wish to be able to live above temptation and to die with a smile on their lips. When our great President Lincoln by a proclamation freed 4,000,000 slaves during our civil war (every stage of which I knew so well), I felt that one war terrible though it was, had had its compensation. Faith leads me to the

hope, almost the belief that the greater war will bring greater compensation, more spiritual, slower, surer but more far-reaching. Out there in France, "in no man's land and over the top" where our soldiers met God face to face, they saw the rabbi and the priest, the Salvation Army general and the protestant pastor, all had been reduced to one single simple creed—the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—and the Jewish boy holding the crucifix before the dying eyes of his Catholic companion was but the sublime illustration of true religion. Men are searching the universe with telescope and microscope to find out the truth of things; they may lose faith in dogma, but fundamental truth is a flooding tide. Millions are looking to the Roman Catholic church for the sacred literature and teaching that shall guide the consciences of their world. Now that the autocratic reactionary all powerful Austria no longer exists as a power

in Government, it is to be hoped that the learned dignitaries who shape the papal policy will realize the changes brought about by the war and meet them honorably by reconciliations, and liberal reforms. The church need not truckle to autocracy: she is free; she can leave the past to take care of itself—"Let the dead past bury its dead,"—and strike out anew on a firm foundation, or she can place herself in open conflict with the expanding intellectual life of the world and the spirit of the age, try to drag the past of the church along with her, which may prove to be a Nemesis. If self government is to be a success, the masses must be educated; the voter, male and female, must have sufficient learning to be able to detect the chicanery of corrupt politicians, and the masses must do their own thinking.

For the safety of the world religious intolerance must be frowned upon and left to die a natural death. The great suc-

cess of England ^{her}with_h colonists_s is mainly due to the fact that she does not meddle with their religions. In India she built railroads for them: so when crops failed in one section, instead of starving to death by the millions as they did formerly, they transported food by this road and live perhaps to learn the English language and imitate some of England's virtues.

CHAPTER XVI

ITALY AND AUSTRIA

IN 1901 the writer sailed up the Nile on a little boat named the Mayflower. There were great crowds and her state room was on the lower deck. Early in the morning she heard a sound, and looking out of her window, she saw a Moham-medan. He spread out on the deck a square piece of red cloth and was occupied for a long time in performing his devotions by abasing his forehead on a certain part of the cloth. In Vienna and Paris or any other great Catholic city, one often sees the cooks returning from market with their baskets of daily supplies. They enter some great church, set down the basket and kneeling beside it on the cold stone floor, offer their prayers; after a few minutes they pick up the basket and trudge homeward. The worship

of the Mohammedan she could not understand yet it commanded her respect; in it there was not the slightest hint of the Armenian massacres, nor was there a suggestion of the inquisition with its subterranean dungeons in the market women's prayers. Those terrible things are instigated by people higher up who have selfish aims.

The long endurance of the Papacy during ages which have seen the disappearance of every other European institution that was in existence when the Papacy arose, is a fact which has been noticed by all thoughtful peoples. It is cited as evidence that the Church is not a mere human institution. But, to arrive at an impartial estimate of the Papacy the student must carefully distinguish its spiritual element—*essential and abiding*—from its secular adjuncts which wax and wane with the vicissitudes of Time and Place. A French archbishop was raised to the chair of Saint Peter; under

the name of Clement V he removed the Papal residence from Rome to Avignon, a town within the French borders, where seven popes successively lived and ruled, directly under French influence. In the annals of the Church this is known as the "Babylonian Captivity"—it lasted just seventy years and cast a dark cloud over the church for a century.

Italy in her struggle for independence has the sympathy of the civilized world: it is extremely painful to have to except the one great original christian church, but truth and justice compel the admission. If Rome turns her back on Italy it is to be hoped in the interest of common humanity, that some great protestant church like the Methodist, or better still all the protestant organizations combined will come to the rescue and help her out of the Slough of Despond.

The Roman Catholic church may be compared to a tremendously powerful engine, booming along on a magnificent

road, but, if its aims are not in harmony with the requisitions of Eternal Good, 'tis safe to prophesy she will jump the track and again illustrate that force which wills the bad and works the good.

CHAPTER XVII

ITALY AND AUSTRIA

A GLIMPSE OF HEIDELBERG AFTER KING WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA BECAME EMPEROR I OF GERMANY, FOLLOWED BY GENERAL COMMENTS AND CONCLUSION.

IN the Spring of 1871 our family went to Europe for the health of my husband's father, General Abner Clarke Harding. The party consisted of my husband, myself, four children, his parents and a friend of the family, Mr. John Brown. We sailed in a German ship for a German port. In Hanover the party separated, I going directly to Heidelberg, where after placing our son in school I kept house. The rest of the company went to Berlin to witness the entrance of the Grand Army into the city and the review

of the same by the newly made Emperor William I.

We had letters of introduction to Professor Delffs of Heidelberg which enabled us to enter at once into the society of the Faculty—Our traveling companions joined us later—Professor Delff's only child Sophie, is the translator of Victor Scheffel's novels into English; she had just completed the translation of his "Eggerhard" and asked me to assist her in correcting the proof. This I did though I have to confess that she had a more exact and critical knowledge of my native tongue than I had myself at that time. We also made the acquaintance of A. C. Hesing and wife of Chicago and their son Washington and his wife. Washington had graduated at Yale University and had married a beautiful Boston girl whilst still a senior. He remained in Heidelberg two years, a special student, perfecting himself in the knowledge of the German language, A.

C. Hesing being, as we understood, the editor and proprietor of the *Chicago Staats Zeitung*. The friendship with the Hesings which began at that early date, lasted as long as any of them lived. Excepting fifteen months residence in Heidelberg I have never lived in a university town; there is something very delightful in the atmosphere of such a place. The population seems to be more choice, more intellectual, more staid yet more in harmony with the spirit of the age. Among my Heidelberg friends there were many who spoke English perfectly and some had a critical knowledge of Shakespeare. Professor Delffs one day asked me which of Shakespeare's plays was my favorite. I answered him promptly *Julius Caesar*. His daughter Sophie said, "Why father you might have known a republican would prefer *Julius Caesar*." "But," I rejoined, "that has little to do with the matter"—"my father's grandmother was a Quakeress, one Ann

Whittier." "The strict Quakers do not sanction the reading of fiction—my father did not allow any of his children to read fiction, but we were permitted to read Shakespeare. It was mere chance that led me to tackle Julius Caesar, and I knew it by heart before beginning any other play." "But Sophie, since you take the matter so seriously I must revise my statement and say that of four of Shakespeare's greatest dramas, the one I think most highly of, is always the one I read last, and Julius Caesar is not one of the four."

One often heard the apothegm among German students of English literature, "Es gibt nur ein Shakespeare; nur ein Milton." (There is but one Shakespeare, but one Milton—and there was a course of lectures on Milton accompanied by readings given at that time in the city.)

We knew a family in Heidelberg named Roeder; it consisted of two young women and a brother, Doctor Roeder; the

latter was an oculist; he had married an English girl and had two or three children. Dr. Roeder had quite an extensive practice, and a beautiful home. In the early spring of 1872 he was bidden by the Kaiser to go to Strasbourg in order to assist in making Strasbourg into a German city. This command caused much talk but nothing derogatory to the Kaiser, who had the love and adoration of his subjects. Nothing was said of the great sacrifice of giving up a lucrative practice and going where he had to begin life anew, except that it was his duty which must be done. Among my Heidelberg friends there were a few who, like myself, preferred the writings of Schiller* to those of Goethe, Professor Delffs being one of them. Schiller had poor health and died at the age of 46 whilst Goethe

* Schiller's translation of Macbeth into German is a masterpiece and ranks with Lascelle Wroxall's translation of *Les Misérables* into English; both are the works of genius.

lived 83 years. He nursed and fostered his talents, never allowing anything to interfere with the development of his poetic gifts. Too selfish to marry, he cultivated and courted the society of distinguished people; yet he raised a small family of illegitimate children, and when near his end he married the woman and adopted the children. The German people have shown themselves able and willing to separate a man's literary work from his private life. Goethe was physically magnificent, and but for this blemish he might have shared with Sir Walter Scott, the compliment which Prescott, the historian, paid to Sir Walter; he wrote, "I know of no instance in ancient or modern times of such moral, intellectual and physical perfection combined in one man."

The beauty, the serenity, the pathos of the closing years of Goethe's life, including the death bed scene, reached the height of the sublime. He had outlived

his wife, his only son and nearly all the friends whom he had greatly loved. The homage of the world was at his feet. Messages of love and admiration had come to him from the learned, the great and the good of other lands; from Carlyle, Sir Walter Scott and the youthful Victor Hugo; to say nothing of the adoration in which he was held by his townspeople who had known him so long.

In August, 1831, seven months before his death, he invited the revenue official, Herr Mahr, to drive with him to the hill called the Gickelhahn. There, nearly fifty years before he had written the great poem, *Ilmenau*, addressed to Karl August. Here too, and at the same time, he had penciled the verses *Nachtlied*, on the wall of the wooden hut on the Summit. When the carriage which bore Mahr and Goethe had gone as far as possible, they alighted to climb the rest of the way on foot. Goethe gazed on the beautiful prospect with mingled delight and sadness.

"Ah," he cried, "would that my good Grand Duke Karl August could have seen this loveliness once more!" Then he hurried up the steep ascent with youthful eagerness, nor would he accept any aid from his companion. When he stood before the inscription penciled on the wall—

Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch—

tears flowed down his face. Slowly he drew his handkerchief from his pocket, dried his tears and said in a gentle melancholy voice, "Ja, warte nur, balde ruhest du auch," (Yes, wait only, thou too shalt rest)—was silent a moment, looked out through the window at the dark pine wood and then turned to Mahr, saying, "Now we will go down." Up to within

a few months of his death, he toiled to finish Faust; when completed he said the rest of life would be a free gift, whether he worked or did nothing it would be the same.*

* Here are two quite opposite views of Goethe but both perhaps based on fact: one the opinion of the writer in early life, the other after passing the four score notch.

CHAPTER XVIII

GENERAL COMMENTS

THE treatment accorded to Lord Byron by his English contemporaries presents a striking contrast to that given Goethe by Germany and is a blot on the English escutcheon. No allowance was made for faults inherited or for his mother's reprehensible treatment of him as a child. He was dissipated in his early manhood. Realizing the shame of it, he attempted reform by marriage, which, of course, was a failure. Then gossip took charge of him, exaggerating and trumpeting every misdemeanor. He wrote, if one-half of it were true, he was not fit to live in England, and if untrue, England was no place for him—and he left England never to return. His intellectual gifts were only less amazing than those of

Shakespeare. He was master of eloquence, pathos and despair. After writing *Beppo* he discovered himself to be a humorist. He wrote much that was evidence of deep spiritual feeling. What writer has given to the world anything comparable to the "Hebrew Melodies"?—which he threw off to please a friend—a music composer—Isaac Nathan? *Don Juan* is his masterpiece! He went to Greece to aid the Greeks in throwing off Turkish oppression. He found there a chaos of jealousy among contending chiefs. In three months he brought order out of confusion showing he possessed power of military organization. At the end of his short 36 years life he was just finding his chief strength, which lay in wit, and the direct representation of real life. Dying of a fever at Missilonghi his remains were taken to England. The Dean of Westminster refused burial in the Abbey. There is neither bust nor statue in the Poets' Corner to the memory

of him who "possessed the greatest talent of the 19th century" according to Goethe.* His name and writings exercised a marvelous influence over his contemporaries *outside* of England. His remains rest in a little church, Hucknall Tarkard, near Newstead Abbey.

Notwithstanding the writer's strictures on the English people's treatment of Lord Byron, the fault leaned to virtue's side; it was a protest against marital infidelity, and is offset by many virtues which we may do well to imitate.

It was about one hundred years ago that the English people began going to Nice, France, in great numbers to escape the damp cold winters of England. The street extending along the shore of the

* The writer, when in Greece, went and spent Sunday in Missilonghi; she saw the little marble statue to Byron, and a few feet away from it a square pile of stones to the memory of Marco Bozzaris, the Leonidas of modern Greece. That pile of rude stones moved her more deeply than did the splendid mausoleum to Napoleon under the gilded dome of the Hotel des Invalides, which the French people show with so much veneration.

Mediterranean was paved with big cobblestones, had no sidewalk on either side, though lined with hotels, pensions and villas facing the South. The town was infested with beggars. If one took a walk to get the sun and air he was followed and pestered by these graceless creatures most of whom were not needy. The English people bore this nuisance for a while and then called a meeting of their countrymen: they raised a sum of money: went to the municipality and suggested the employment of these beggars to build a sidewalk, recommending that they be well paid. The result was a splendid walk. It is now three miles long and 84 feet wide appropriately named "The Promenade des Anglais."

England discerned, recognized and made use of the great good qualities of her Jewish subjects as no other country has done. One does not often meet an English Jew in the United States but

when one does he finds himself in the presence of a superior individual. Just and magnanimous treatment produces like results, and the moral, intellectual and social conditions of some of the Jews in our great crowded cities is a true index to the character of the oppression in other lands, which has made them what they are. The writer spent a couple of days in Prague, the capital of Bohemia, when on her way to Vienna from Berlin in 1862. She chanced to see the Jewish quarters which were being demolished. The sight of these dungeons where human beings were compelled to live during the night time made such a horrible impression on her mind that it blotted out everything else. She knows that Prague had a population of about 170,000, it must have had fine and stately buildings but it is futile to try to recall anything. She sees nothing but that pile of stone and mortar, the thick walls of a dungeon, as vivid as if it were yesterday.

CHAPTER XIX

THE WINNING OF THE WAR

VICE ADMIRAL W. S. SIMS in Chicago Commerce, a weekly publication, tells a thrilling story of our sailors' part in the winning of the war. He said, "I arrived on the other side April 10th, 1917, four days after war was declared. Three days later I sent a dispatch to the United States Navy Department, in which I stated explicitly, that after an examination of the condition of affairs over there, which was not known in our country, not even in governmental circles, the central powers are winning the war, and that the means to stop them was not known. They were then destroying from seven to eight hundred thousand tons of shipping a month. There was a certain

number of millions of tons required for the absolute necessities of the European powers and their population and the armies on the Western front and on the Mediterranean. It was a very simple matter to subtract that from the total amount of tonnage available, and divide it by seven hundred thousand to see how many months you could go." The Central powers were satisfied they had the war well in hand. In the Summer of 1917 every German submarine officer that we captured was quite bumptious, and confidently asserted "you will have to give up by October or November, of this year." The calculation was just and we knew it. Great Britain knew it. We were able to reverse that situation, and decrease the destruction of the merchant shipping below the building point, taking into account the building on this side and on the other. When we did that Germany knew she had lost the war. The reasons we were able to turn down the submarine,

were the instituting of three means, first—the convoy system, second—the introduction of the depth charge, third, the hydrophones or listening devices. It is gratifying to note that notwithstanding England's peril in these exciting times, she never condescended to retaliate in kind the cruel piratical acts of Germany; but, instead the British Admiralty kept a list of the names of the commanding officers of about 150 German submarines. It is a most interesting study to note how soon retribution followed transgression. Captain Paul Wagenfukr who sank the steamer Belgian Prince and drowned the crew of 40 whom he ordered to line up on her deck just before she went down: his submarine U-44 was sunk with all on board only a fortnight later. The Captain of the U-20 who torpedoed the Lusitania met his fate September, 1917. There are a few who escaped by finding refuge in shore appointments but the Admiralty has their names and their end we may never know.

RETRIBUTION

The writer has been warned by one possessing wisdom based on experience, from attempting to put into permanent form comments on present day questions, "since the rays of public opinion and the gradual changing of history throw a different color upon these mountain peaks of human interest from day to day." But, both the reader and the writer must wait until authentic history has determined which was the mirage, and which the solid mountain range; meanwhile as the people and our Congress are so much concerned over the Shantung incident, the writer ventures to give the substance of an article in a recent number of the *Christian Science Monitor*, published in Boston.

"It is scarcely necessary to recite again the nature of the extraordinary surrender of the allied governments to Japan in the Paris Conference. It will suffice to say that, in spite of repeated declarations in

favor of self-determination, a province, inhabited by some forty millions of people, has had its future determined for it by five aliens in a French council chamber. Now not only was this an unspeakable breach of the idea of self-determination, it was something even worse, for it was a decision to take the destinies of these forty millions of people out of the hands of their own national government, and to hand them over to the mercy of a foreign government which, up to the time of the signing of the treaty, had had no claim upon them at all.

“Now who were the gentlemen who made this decision. They were really the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, the Prime Minister of France, and the President of the United States. And this is all the more remarkable when attention is given to the record of the Japanese Government in dealing with these three powers. To understand this, it is necessary to know how the secret treaties between Japan, on the one side, and

France and the United Kingdom on the other side, were obtained. During the course of Germany's submarine warfare there came a moment when it seemed to the Admiralties in London and Paris that the percentage of losses was so severe that, unless some means could be found of lessening them, the war would be lost, owing to the destruction of food supplies and war material. In these circumstances the British and French Admiralties applied to the Admiralty in Tokyo for naval assistance. At this moment Japan was an ally of the two appealing governments. Moreover, she was the ally who had suffered least of all in the waging of the war. France and the United Kingdom had put their last coin and their last ship, so to speak, into the struggle, and they now appealed to Japan, not to do the same thing at all, but merely to send ships into the Mediterranean in order to help to prevent the loss of the war in which they were all allies.

Japan's reply was simplicity itself. It was to present the terms of the Shantung secret treaties as the price of her acquiescence. France and the United Kingdom believed that they were unable to resist the demand. Whether they were or not is, so far as the Shantung question is concerned, immaterial. They accepted the terms, and the bond was signed.

"This was before the United States came into the war. When the United States did join the Allies, the United States sent a similar request to Japan for the assistance of cruisers. Japan declined to send these, and send them she never did. In the meantime, however, the seamen of the allied nations had proved equal to the task set them. Admiral Sims' proposal of the convoy system had been agreed to, and the world hardly yet grasps what it owes to Admiral Sims for convincing not only the British Admiralty, but the British mercantile marine, that it was possible to effect something which stereotyped training had induced

both parties to the agreement, to regard as almost impractical. In addition to this the depth bomb had been invented, and so in spite of the recalcitrancy of Japan the war was won."

The war won, the representatives of the various nations arrived at Paris with their treaties in their pockets. Japan produced her secret treaties, with France and the United Kingdom, and demanded payment. It has been held that a treaty, no matter how gained, is a sacred undertaking, and that the allied nations could not break their treaties with Japan, without subjecting themselves to the scorn of the world.

It is an interesting fact that China, in a secret treaty with Germany, had granted her certain concessions in Shantung, but that treaty expressly declared that the Chinese concessions in Shantung were nontransferable to any other nation. Later Germany in a secret treaty with Japan transferred to Japan her concessions in Shantung. In this contro-

versy much has been made of the fact that Japan has promised to return to China her sovereign rights in Shantung, but those sovereign rights were never transferred from China to Germany and therefore never could have been transferred from Germany to Japan. How Japan ever succeeded in gaining her ends in dealing with the allied ministers is one of the mysteries of diplomacy. France and the United Kingdom may feel themselves bound by those treaties obtained from them during the war. But the Senate of the United States is under no such obligation.*

* The writer has given in the above the gist of an editorial in a great journal which has a large circulation. She has given it as one point of view. She withholds her own private opinion for want of knowledge on the subject of China and her treatment of Shantung. Before venturing an opinion several questions must be answered—viz.: What was the nature of those concessions in Shantung? Why were the concessions made to Germany, the most autocratic power of Christendom, and made with the express stipulation that they were non-transferable?

Fortunately China has many friends who are not seeking concessions, and are not asking the privilege of building for them railroads to be managed and run for their own selfish gains. Different denominations of Christian educators have dreamed for decades of dominating the educational movement in New China; but it was not until China had rid herself of the old autocratic Manchu dynasty, which had lasted three hundred and sixty-nine years, that it became apparent that if anything worth while was to be accomplished there, these various church organizations would have to drop their restricted denominational efforts, pool their resources and work together in a few big, united enterprises. The University of Nanking is the first result of their labors. Nanking, with its more than six hundred thousand inhabitants, has been for years the educational center of China. And this school was organized by Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists

and Disciples. All are Americans and the University is a distinctively American enterprise. Diplomas are granted by the regents of the University of the State of New York. The faculty consists of twenty-five foreigners and eighty-five Chinese. The success of the University has been its greatest embarrassment. It has been impossible to provide teachers or dormitories or laboratory-equipment enough to care for all who have sought admission. Tuition charges have been increased, the number of scholarships strictly limited, entrance requirements raised and raised again, and still it is necessary to turn students away each year.

It remained for a Nanking professor to make a simple suggestion whereby one of the Spring festivals of China was transformed from a day upon which bushes and small trees were cut down to place upon ancestral graves to a day when trees were planted in memory of the departed. The absence of trees has

been one of the contributing causes of the floods that have carried death and destruction throughout the country. China now has an Arbor day—a holiday that is obtaining increasing recognition throughout the nation. Through the enterprising activity of members of the faculty experts have been called in and they have found the exact silk worm which can spin the most and best silk. Chinese silk is the best in the world, but the quantity is quite insignificant from the fact that the silk culture in China has declined in late years while that of Japan has greatly increased. Although the University of Nanking is less than ten years old, its accomplishments are too vast to be noted in this little abstract; it suffices to say that agriculture and forestry are given much attention, and the work of reforestation of China is on foot, which will tend to correct climatic troubles. The Methodist Episcopal Church has coöperated through the Board of

Foreign Missions with the result that the Centenary has contributed over \$400,000 for different purposes to that institution. But the one great fact which cannot be overlooked is that Christian churches of different names and creeds can unite in one single enterprise! It is, perhaps, the history of this one institution which led the Protestant organizations of the United States to hope that the Church of Rome might see fit to coöperate in great philanthropic enterprises. This account of the Nanking University is a summary of an article in a very recent number of the North Western Christian Advocate from the pen of Paul Hutchinson entitled "Putting a College on the Chinese Map."

There seems to be a great wave of crime and lawlessness throughout the civilized world and the Protestant churches of the United States conceived the idea that a combination of all christian churches throughout the world

might do much to check the advance of this wave, and perhaps destroy it altogether. So, several of the greatest representatives of these protestant organizations were delegated to go to Rome, see the present Pope, and lay before him the proposition to unite with this body for that aim. Pope Benedict XV received them very graciously and said in substance, that he represented Almighty God as Vicar of Christ through his one apostle Saint Peter, and when the other churches wished to return their allegiance to him he would gladly welcome them.

A PARABLE

A man fell into a mill pond. The By-standers, not wishing to wet their clothes unnecessarily called to him and asked him if he could swim. When he had blown the water from his nostrils and could speak he replied, "No, but I have a brother who can play the violin."

CHAPTER XX

THE MONROE DOCTRINE

THE Monroe Doctrine as announced by President Monroe in December 1823 was the invention of George Canning, the great English statesman who was at that time the British minister of foreign affairs. The idea was suggested by Canning to Richard Rush, our then minister to England, and by him communicated to our President. At that time the Spanish colonies in America were in revolt against the mother country and the United States had recognized their independence. The Holy Alliance formed by France, Russia, Austria and Prussia was assisting Spain to put down the revolution at home, and was proposing after that to aid in reducing her colonies in South

America to subjection. It was at this moment that Canning proposed to Rush that England and the United States join in a declaration, that while neither power desired the colonies of Spain for itself, they could not look with indifference on European intervention in South American affairs or see those countries acquired by a third power.

When Monroe received the proposition from Rush he submitted it at once to Madison and Jefferson and both approved of it. Upon their encouragement and advice, Monroe embodied the principle in his next message to Congress. Great Britain did not join in the declaration though the whole British press heartily approved Monroe's message. Three years later Canning in addressing the House of Commons reviewing his course, boasted that he had called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the old.

If a League of Nations is perfected in

a way to have all questions settled by a board of arbitration and the smallest power is free to determine its government or to whom it will owe any allegiance, the Monroe Doctrine would seem to be as superfluous as a law to regulate the relations of the planets to each other.

CHAPTER XXI

GENERAL COMMENTS

WOMAN'S WORK

PROF. JAMES BRYCE'S TRIBUTE TO AMERICAN WOMEN

JAMES BRYCE, the British publicist and author of "The American Commonwealth," wrote, "No country seems to owe so much to its women as America—to owe to them so much of what is best in its social institutions and the beliefs that govern conduct." A grand compliment from one who made a special study of the subject with a view of writing upon it: but it was written before the great war. Now that our women of all classes have shown what they can do in a severe crisis such as we have passed through, how

much more might be written by an able author such as Bryce. Your humble writer having neither training nor gifts can but outline what she hopes and prays for.

Our women during the seventy-one years of patient struggle for enfranchisement have developed a power of political organization, an eloquence, an ability to reason logically and to arrive at just conclusions such as able men might envy. The enfranchisement of all the women of the United States is now in sight, though there is still much work to be done. The skill acquired by these women is the result of opposition: the enemies of the cause having thus unwittingly contributed to its success. It is not likely that these acquirements will be allowed to rust for want of use. We have caught a glimpse of danger ahead in our war experiences, namely, the illiteracy and indifference of some of our foreign population, which is a menace to self-govern-

ment. Those women who have done so much to improve the laws in those states where they have had a vote will now, it is to be hoped, turn to the task of making intelligent citizens of illiteracy.

"The United States is the melting pot of the world. We learn that sixty nationalities are represented in our schools, yet every child from whatever clime he or his forebears hail, will, when grown up, be a unit in a nation which derives its language, its laws, its political genius and its democratic ideals from England, and it is a disservice to him and to our country to teach him falsely that England has in any large way been other than a true mother to us."

The editors of Italian newspapers in the United States have had in the past a peculiarly difficult task because they have not had an eager, well informed list of subscribers waiting for their news. In this regard they are somewhat less fortu-

nate than the publishers of modern Greek papers. But the Italians are making marvelous progress both here and in Italy. We can but say may God speed them!

The present king of Italy, Victor Emmanuel III, in his manners and tastes is very democratic. He is exceedingly popular with all classes not excepting even the Socialists and that small party of Republicans who have never ceased to regret that Italy is not a republic.

THE HONORABLE CLARKE E. CARR'S TRIBUTE TO THE STATE OF ILLINOIS

The Honorable Clarke E. Carr, recently deceased, wrote a great book entitled "Illini," which reached eight or nine editions; in it he called one chapter "The Nursery of Great Men," meaning the State of Illinois: in that chapter he gave less than a dozen names, six of whom became United States senators, one the

Governor of Illinois, one our ambassador to England, after occupying the first position in the cabinet of his government, one became the secretary and confidential advisor of Lincoln, and two of them later his biographers. All these men were familiarly known to each other, to Carr and to their neighbors, and a few of them to the writer. In "Illini" Carr emphasized the fact that Illinois gave to the Federal Government, in war time, Grant, Lincoln, Logan and Douglas. A grand quartet! Except General Grant the writer knew the others well, in so far as a young person with an ordinary not yet mature intellect, is capable of comprehending great minds, and she heard several of the speeches of Lincoln and Douglas, which is now but a precious memory. With justice and great propriety Mr. Carr might have added to that famous four one other name, that of Mrs. John A. Logan: the hardships, the privations she voluntarily endured, her hero-

ism and devotion to the union cause during the perilous days of the civil war can never be repaid. If any woman in the United States ever deserved a monument, that woman is Mary S. Logan. She is still living, having outlived her famous husband forty-three years.

After an acquaintance of fifty years, a part of which is covered by correspondence, the writer is proud to own the greatest admiration and love for Mrs. Logan. To the writer she has been a model and an inspiration, without which this poor tribute to the maimed or blinded soldiers and sailors of Italy might never have been written.

For years before the civil war the southern part of Illinois was called Egypt—because of its proslavery principles. Of the famous four Logan was the only one born in Illinois and he came from that part of the state. In 1861 he was a congressman, having been elected as a Douglas democrat from his district. The

northern democrats in Congress were greatly alarmed at the acts of the secessionists and sent Henry May, a congressman from Maryland to Richmond to obtain from the confederate leaders the terms upon which they would agree that the revolted states would resume their places in the Union. Mr. May had just returned from his mission and had given the report. It was, "Go back and tell your friends that if Mr. Lincoln had sent to us by your hand a blank sheet of paper with his signature at the bottom and a request that we write above it the terms and conditions on which we would return to the Union, all we would write above it would be 'Unconditional Separation.' "

Logan, one of the few who knew what war was, having been a soldier in the Mexican War, was tremendously excited. He sought and found Henry W. Blodgett a distinguished jurist of Chicago, then in Washington. He told him of May's mission and the reply from the

confederate leaders. He said to him, "Blodgett, war—a long bloody war—is inevitable. * * * I want you to go with me to the White House, where I intend to tender my services to Mr. Lincoln, to raise a regiment in my district and go into the field." It was Sunday, when, as a rule, no visitors are admitted to the White House. They went into the garden in the rear of the Presidential mansion, hoping they might see some acquaintance who could aid them in their effort to present themselves. By chance Lincoln was sitting in a window. He called to them and sent a servant to show them in. Logan told his errand and asked leave to raise a regiment. Lincoln thanked him cordially but told him he could do his country better service, for the next few weeks, by keeping his place in Congress and giving his support to such legislation as was needed to put the nation on a war footing, at the same time he assured Logan he should have authority

to raise a regiment as soon as he could be spared from Congress. Logan followed Lincoln's advice—raised that regiment, made stirring speeches in Southern Illinois, saved "Egypt" to the Union cause, then there followed in orderly sequence Belmont, Donaldson, Corinth, Vicksburg, Atlanta, battles which will forever link his name with immortality.

This incident in the life of General Logan, not so well known to the people of the present day as it should be, is mentioned mainly to show how the sentiments of a community may change swayed by the influence and example of leading minds. Our soldiers from the 48 states have fought in France, Belgium, Russia and Italy, as one man: with no thought of dissension. Is there a doubt of the loyalty* of the states that once seceded?

* Louis Kossuth, the distinguished Hungarian patriot, statesman and orator, visited the United States in December, 1851. His avowed object was to invoke the sympathy and aid, if possible, of our people in liberating his country from Austrian oppression. He had just emerged

Not one of the 48 is gladder than they to be an integral part of the Great Republic!

Let us review the past and see what has happened within the memory of the writer. There were millions of people in the United States—nearly all of those of the South and some of those in the Northern states, who held that it was right to take black people from Africa,

from a three years' stay in an Austrian prison, set free through the intervention of England and the United States. He visited England where the people were lavish in ovations, but it was to our country, "the land of the free and the home of the brave," that he turned with high hopes for real succor. Great was his disappointment and chagrin to find that in the slave-states he could not speak of liberty and freedom. He stayed here but six months and was received with much enthusiasm in the North. He was a wonderful orator; eloquent in several languages. Before his return home he visited Mount Vernon and the tomb of Washington. Much moved by the sublime simplicity of the sarcophagus containing the remains of the "Father of his country," he exclaimed, "How necessary it is to be successful." He died in exile in Turin, Italy, at the age of 92. But his son Francis became a leader of the liberal party in the Hungarian Diet. Thus is the torch of freedom handed down from generation to generation.

bring them here, enslave them, make them work for nothing except their food and clothes, and if they escaped, chase them with blood-hounds; the sole excuse for this act was the compensation of an opportunity to believe in Jesus Christ! Yet that excuse was not even plausible. There was a law forbidding the teaching of a slave to read: so if a slave was to get at God's word he must get it surreptitiously!

The sacrifice of thousands upon thousands of precious lives during our civil war, revolutionized the sentiments of the friends of human slavery; enabled them to see straight. Is it absurd to expect that the damnable acts of the autocratic central powers may end in similarly beneficent results? May the reader review the changes that have taken place in the last 58 years in public opinion right here in our midst, and say if it is either visionary or chimerical to expect that a League of Nations may be formed that will settle

differences without war? But for that happy time we must wait patiently a little while, till passion and prejudice so rife now are all allayed and the sentiments of the civilized world shall be ruled by the "spirits of just men made perfect."

President Wilson's firm attitude relative to the disposition of Fiume, shows conclusively that, though a writer of history he has failed to comprehend the past and present history of Italy, its true record in the late war, its present condition, just claims and just rights. And King Victor Emmanuel III's present to him when in Rome of Mazzini's complete works seemed a broad hint pointing in the direction of a need. Whilst the author has no doubt as to President Wilson's good intentions there are certain facts that must not be overlooked. Lieutenant Bruno Roselli speaking in Chicago set forth these facts:

"At the time when Von Kluck was sweeping down on Paris in August 1914,

France felt that she had to hold 500,000 of her troops on her Italian frontier. She did this because Italy was then a member of the triple alliance and no one knew whether she might not be forced into the war on the side of Germany. In this crucial moment of the world's history, Italy said to France: 'We have had our little quarrels in the past, but today, when freedom is at stake, all that is forgotten. You can trust Italy. Take your men to the Marne.' They were taken to the Marne and they saved the day for all the world.

"When the German armies were sweeping Serbia in their awful wave of destruction, Italy told the Serbs—her rival now in Jugo Slavia—that while she could not save their country, she could and would save its people. So she gathered at the 'heel' of the Italian peninsula every transport, merchant vessel, fishing smack, ferry boat and ship that she had. And with these she ferried across to her

own shores 200,000 Serbs who had been swept down to the Albanian coast without food, clothes, medicine or shelter."

"These were great acts. They were great not as aggressive acts of fighting, but as deeds of generosity and magnanimity. They should make us inclined to have greater trust in the nation to whose everlasting credit they stand."

"Italy is not asking all of the Eastern coast of the Adriatic—only 90 miles of it, while she grants to the Jugo-Slavs 450 miles. The past record of the treachery of the Jugo-Slavs, a part of the Austrian-German armies up to the armistice, making it necessary that Italy have this much of a guarantee that her unprotected eastern coast shall not be open to attack."

CHAPTER XXII

CONCLUSION

FOUR ITALIAN HEROES ACHIEVED THE UNIFICATION OF ITALY—GIUSEPPI MAZZINI — VITTORIO EMMANUELLI, II. — COUNT CAMILLO CAVOUR — GIUSEPPI GARIBALDI.

NOTWITHSTANDING the long years of Austrian domination with its benumbing effect on the populace, Italy has been most fortunate in having courageous, enlightened, far-seeing rulers; from the first King Victor Emmanuel II, down through the reign of her present King Victor Emmanuel III.

Space does not permit a record of the work accomplished in the direction of popular education—it is, however, simply magnificent! But Italy's greatest lack is means to carry through her broad aims

and high aspirations. We in the United States have had a taste of the cost of war from excessive taxations; how much harder for the little kingdom of Italy, with a larger army and but one-third of our population, to say nothing of the relative wealth and resources of the two countries, yet the spirit of the great Genoese Navigator still survives and is manifest in the explorations in the arctic regions by the Duke of the Abruzzi and also Marconi's great contribution in the application of a new science—wireless telegraphy.

Last but not least the unification of Italy, the most dramatic and informing epic of modern times; unlike the ancient model of an epic, with one principal character about which is woven in stately measure thrilling deeds of valor, Italy gives us four heroes, Victor Emmanuel II, Count Camillo Cavour, Mazzini and Garibaldi. Prince Metternich, the premier of Austria, in speaking of Count Cavour said, "There is but one statesman

in Europe and he is against us." There is little doubt that the life of Count Camillo Cavour was shortened by his strenuous effort to establish a "free church in a free state." The King of Italy, Victor Emmanuel III, has recently shown his high appreciation of Mazzini, by making President Wilson, when in Rome, a present of Mazzini's complete works. Mazzini persisted in refusing to write his biography—giving as his excuse—the unwillingness to live over again a life of great anxiety and little happiness. If anyone has misgivings as to the esteem in which Garibaldi is held by Italy, let him go to Rome, ascend the Gianicolo, and contemplate, with uncovered head, the magnificent equestrian statue, "To the hero of two worlds."

Victor Emmanuel II had married in his youth his first cousin Maria Adelaide, daughter of Giuseppi Rannieri, Archduke of Austria and Austrian viceroy of Lombardo-Vineto from 1818 to 1848.

Beginning his reign on the gloomy battle-field of Novara in 1849 he spent twenty-one years in a most strenuous effort to rid Italy of Austrian oppression. Finally when in 1861 he opened his new Parliament representing all of Italy excepting Venice and Rome, the new census revealed the appalling fact that of a population of 22,000,000, 17,000,000 could neither read nor write, whilst brigandage incited and encouraged by royalists, prevailed to a frightful extent. A man of less courage or less ability would have failed in the task of political organization, complicated as it was by great diversity of economic, cultural and social conditions between the North and the South: the latter deficient in the *elements* essential for self-government. When his end at last came he could truthfully say what Saint Paul wrote to Timothy from Rome when the hour of his martyrdom was near, "I have fought a good fight: I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

APPENDIX *

LINCOLN'S SECOND TRIP TO NEW ORLEANS

ON this his second visit, Lincoln for the first time observed slavery in its most brutal and revolting form. New Orleans was a slave mart, and his companion† reports that Lincoln then witnessed for the first time the spectacle of the chaining together and whipping of slaves. He saw families sold, the separation forever of husband and wife, of parent and child. When we recall how deeply he always sympathized with suffering, brute as well as human, and his strong love of justice,

* The writer found that the life of Abraham Lincoln written by the Honorable Isaac N. Arnold was not published till after Senator Arnold's death. That the Honorable E. B. Washburn, our Ambassador to France, who rendered such distinguished service during the commune, wrote the introduction to the book. It is now out of print, so it was deemed best to copy the page mentioned.

† John Hanks.

we can realize how deeply he was affected by these things. His companions on this trip to New Orleans have attempted to describe his indignation and grief. They said, "his heart bled," * * * "he was mad, thoughtful, abstracted, sad and depressed."

Lincoln often declared to his intimate friends that he was from boyhood superstitious. He said that the near approach of the important events in his life were indicated by a presentiment or a strange dream, or in some other mysterious way it was impressed upon him that something important was to occur. There is a tradition that on this visit to New Orleans he and his companion, John Hanks, visited an old fortune teller, a Voudou negress. Tradition says that during the interview she became very much excited, and after various predictions exclaimed: "You will be President, and all the negroes will be free." That the old Voudou negress should have foretold that the

visitor would be President is not at all incredible. She doubtless told this to many aspiring lads, but the prophecy of the freedom of the slaves requires confirmation.*

* The author wrote to William H. Herndon, the partner of the President, inquiring if he had heard of the tradition referred to in the text. In the reply, dated October 21, 1882, Herndon said: "It *seems* to me *just now* that I once heard of the fortune-telling story, but cannot state when I heard it, nor from whom I got it. It *seems* that John Hanks, who was with Lincoln at New Orleans in 1831, told me the story. At that time and place Lincoln was made an anti-slavery man. He saw a slave, a beautiful mulatto girl, sold at auction. She was *felt over, pinched, trotted* around to show to bidders that said article was sound, etc. Lincoln walked away from the sad, inhuman scene with a deep feeling of *unsmotherable* hate. He said to John Hanks this: 'By God! if I ever get a chance to hit that institution, I'll hit it hard, John.' He got his chance, and *did hit it hard*. John Hanks, who was two or three times examined by me, told me the above facts about the negro girl and Lincoln's declaration. There is not doubt about this. As to the fortune-telling story, I do not affirm anything or deny anything."

THE WRECKING AND SALVING OF THE GREAT EASTERN CASE

The anniversary of the loss of the *Titanic*, and the suits which have been instituted in that connection, recall an interesting case buried in the old law reports—the wrecking and salving of the *Great Eastern*.

The *Great Eastern* was the *Titanic* of its day, a monster English steamship, representing the acme of luxury and the last word in seagoing equipment. That the ship and the 800 people she carried were not completely lost was due to the accident that a certain American engineer happened to be a passenger on the boat at the time of its fateful voyage.

Two days out from Liverpool the ship encountered a severe gale, in which her rudder pillar was snapped in two, part remaining attached to the steering gear, while the blade swung idle in the water. The sails were blown to ribbons, the

boats were washed away, and the great ship, absolutely unmanageable, rolled from side to side in the trough of the sea. "Everything breakable was destroyed," says the record. "The cabin, besides undergoing the dangers arising from the crashes and collisions which were constantly going on, had shipped a great deal of water, and the stores were floating about in utter confusion and ruin. Some of the chandeliers fell down with a crash; a large mirror was smashed into a thousand fragments; rails of bannisters, bars, and numerous other fittings were broken into numberless pieces. The luggage of the passengers was lying in two feet of water, and before the deliverance of the ship was effected, the luggage was literally reduced to rags and pieces of timber. Twenty-five fractures of limbs occurred from the concussions caused by the tremendous lurching of the vessel."

The officers of the ship made repeated attempts, between Friday morning and

Saturday afternoon, to get control of the ship's motions, but these efforts all proved fruitless. One of the passengers, Mr. Hamilton E. Towle, an American engineer of ability and experience, had watched these various attempts and had devised a plan of his own for getting control of the rudder. Naturally enough, his advice was impatiently rejected by the chief engineer of the ship. But when the engineer, at a loss what else to do, began to unscrew a nut which contributed to support the weight of the lower part of the rudder, Mr. Towle went to the captain to protest against what he considered a fatal mistake.

The captain, facing the danger of destruction, listened to the plans of the volunteer, ordered the official engineer aside, and put the workmen under the direction of Mr. Towle, who, working all Saturday night and Sunday, succeeded in rigging up a temporary steering gear which was successfully operated, and by five o'clock

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on Sunday afternoon the ship was brought up to the sea and put on her return course. Besides her cargo she carried 400 passengers, and about the same number as officers and crew. One can imagine the situation when the great ship really answered again to the helm. It was a thrilling moment.

Mr. Towle filed a claim for salvage,* and the case was decided in the District Court, Southern District of New York, by Judge Shipman, who awarded Mr. Towle fifteen thousand dollars; the value of the Great Eastern being estimated at half a million. The difficulty which the case presented from the legal standpoint, arose from the fact that Mr. Towle was a passenger, and that the ordinary rule in

* Mr. Towle did not file a claim for salvage until after the English press had attempted to rob him of the honor of saving the great ship; then fellow passengers who felt that they owed their lives to him urged him to do so—but we must bear in mind that, in the opinion of the writer, this jealous act of the English press had no connection with the British Admiralty.

admiralty requires passengers to render what services they can to their ship in distress, without giving them a claim as salvors. Judge Shipman decided, however, that Mr. Towle's services were beyond the ordinary services which could be required of a passenger, since it would have been entirely out of the power of the ordinary passenger to perform them.

This interesting case, which, from the novel questions involved, was the subject of wide comment was not published in this country at the time, except in newspapers, although it appeared in England soon after it was decided. 11 Law T. (N. S.) 516, and 2 Marit. Law Cas. 148. It is, however, reported in full in "Federal Cases" from which the above abstract of the dramatic circumstances of the wreck had been made.*

* This article is copied from West Publishing Company's "Docket," Saint Paul, Minnesota, of May, 1913.

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